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# *Marina Oswald*

JOACHIM JOESTEN

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## Contents

| CHAPTER |                               | PAGE |
|---------|-------------------------------|------|
| I       | No Escape from the Past       | I    |
| 2       | 'Brave Little Woman'          | 8    |
| 3       | The Wayward Girl              | 18   |
| 4       | Lee Harvey Casanova           | 27   |
| 5       | Marriage on the Rebound       | 42   |
| 6       | In the Lion's Mouth           | 57   |
| 7       | Everybody Just Loves Marina   | 71   |
| 8       | The Good Samaritan            | 83   |
| 9       | The Secrets of Neely Street   | 93   |
| 10      | The Mysterious Alek J. Hidell | 111  |
| 11      | Confessions of Marina         | 122  |
| 12      | The Oswalds' Last Quarrel     | 134  |
| 13      | The Merry Widow               | 149  |
|         | Index                         | 163  |

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## *No Escape from the Past*

'THIS has caught me by complete surprise and, naturally, I was shocked. All I know about the plans for my son marrying Marina Oswald is what I have seen and read. I haven't talked to him yet.'

Thus, old Mrs. Porter, bewildered by the sudden onrush of publicity, was trying to cope with the inquisitive questions the newsmen crowding around her modest home at Lamesa, west Texas, were firing at her.

Why was the good woman shocked? Did she mean to imply that a man marrying the widow of Lee Harvey Oswald thereby made himself an accomplice after the fact in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy?

Or was it just because Marina Oswald seemed such a notorious woman?

Why should she be notorious? What had she done that was wrong? Hadn't the Warren Commission itself given Marina a clean bill of health, absolving her of any and all guilt in 'The Crime of the Century'?

Or, because Marina was Russian?

Is being Russian a crime *per se* in the eyes of right-thinking people? Then what about the hundreds of thousands of staunchly anti-Communist Russians living in the United States?

So, what on earth was wrong with the bride young Kenneth Jess Porter had just led to the altar on this June 1st, 1965?

Wasn't she pretty?

Just look at the slender young woman with the well-groomed reddish-brown hair, the deep blue eyes and that enigmatic smile, radiant in a white dress with pink polka dots. Could anybody say that Ken was a man of bad taste?

What about the dowry?

Now, Mrs. Porter, you know as well as anybody else that Marina Oswald is quite well-to-do, indeed that she is practically an heiress. Why, she must be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars and that ain't hay, madam, even in Texas.

What's more, at least three-quarters of that fortune has come from charitable donations contributed by the American people. Isn't that a sure sign that Marina is okay, that she is a perfectly safe risk for any respectable young man to marry? Could 200 million Americans be wrong in feeling sorry for Marina Oswald and providing a nice substantial dowry for her second attempt at marital bliss?

And, after all, Mrs. Porter, you know best that your son could use a little extra income. That 600 dollars a month he is making as an electronics technician isn't too much for a man of 27. Wouldn't you say that he is showing a lot of good sense by marrying into a small fortune?

Mrs. Porter couldn't deny that either, and so the horde of newsmen left her to pursue other trails of the Story of the Day.

It had been quite a chase from the start. The moment editors got that hot tip about Marina Oswald getting hitched to some guy down there in Texas, they assigned some of their best sleuths to the story. Marina was always good copy. She had become, long since, a firm element in American lore. A Russian success story made in U.S.A. That's really something new.

When the reporters arrived at the comfortable suburban home in Richardson, Texas, which Marina had bought with the proceeds of the charitable drive in her favour, they found the place deserted.

Early that morning, it developed, the happy bride and bridegroom had slipped out of Dallas for a fast drive to Durant, the nearest town in Oklahoma. There (why not in Texas?) they got 'a quick blood test,' prerequisite to a Texan marriage license.

Then they slipped back across the state line to the town of Sherman, Texas, where they obtained the marriage license. Then they darted off again in Ken Porter's red 1965 Pontiac (rather an expensive item for a man who makes 600 dollars a month), with a hastily summoned horde of newsmen in hot pursuit.

Luckily, the bridegroom happened to be a drag-racing fan with a lot of experience in that game. Turning off into back country roads, outside Sherman, he still managed to zoom along at speeds up to 75 m.p.h., well ahead of the pursuing reporters.

Feeling, apparently, that they had a rendezvous with fate, Ken and Marina, after giving the slip to the press hounds, headed for another small town appropriately called Fate, Texas. There, in deep



secrecy, they were married by Justice of the Peace Carl Leonard.

Within two hours after the ceremony at Fate, 30 miles northeast of Dallas, the happy bridegroom was ready to carry his radiant bride in his strong arms over the threshold of their new common home at Richardson, when they both ran into a throng of newsmen and photographers.

They rushed to the door, and the safety beyond. On the threshold, however, the newlyweds agreed to pose stiffly for pictures, with hardly more than a hint of a smile on their faces. He looked rugged and solemn; she, attractive and more enigmatic than ever.

Before disappearing into the house, Marina answered just one of the many questions that were fired at her by the reporters. Asked how she felt, she replied, 'Wonderful' and then added, 'I just want to be alone with my husband.'

For lack of any better source of information, the reporters then rushed to Sherman, where they learned that Marina had already been wearing that white dress with pink polka dots when she and Mr. Porter took out their marriage license. That wasn't much to write a song about.

Fate proved a little more newsworthy. Indeed, it was tremendous news Judge Leonard was able to confide to the press.

'The bride said she knew they'd be very happy. She looked like a very happy bride.'

After this promising start, Judge Leonard backtracked a little:

'The truth is, I could hardly understand what

she was saying because of her Russian accent, but she did a good job of repeating after me.'

'The truth is, Marina also did a very good job of repeating after the Warren Commission. Judge Leonard didn't mention it, though. After all, he is a Texas judge and presumably wants to remain one.

One thing Ken and Marina had in common right from the start of their marriage. Each of them had two small children by their first marriage. But only one of them - Marina - brought the children into the new household. When Porter's first wife, Wanda, divorced him in January 1964 on grounds unmentioned in the press, the court gave her custody of their two children. Maybe the meaning of that judgment was not lost even on Marina Oswald. Not that it seemed to bother her.

Love, alas, comes and goes, sometimes quickly. It came and went in the case of the Porters with a rapidity unmatched even in ordinary Hollywood romance.

How they met and courted was thus described in *Newsweek* (June 14, 1965):

"'Let's have 'em meet cute,'" Sam Goldwyn used to say. And that's just the way it happened. Six weeks ago Marina Oswald, 23, stepped out of her new Richardson, Texas, home to visit a next-door neighbour, and who should come riding up on horseback but Kenneth Jess Porter, a twice-divorced electronics technician and drag-racing hobbyist. Introductions followed, so did romance. The courtship was nicely balanced between fishing trips and nightclubbing in Dallas. The happy couple discovered many common interests, not the least of which were



two children apiece from previous marriages . . .

A cute love story, indeed. *Newsweek* is so touched by its own glowing account of it that it runs it under the telling headline: AMERICANA: LOVE STORY.

In the next-to-last paragraph we learn that Marina cut quite a swath at the University of Michigan while attending an English-language course recently (which didn't do her much good, if we are to believe Judge Leonard):

"A lot of boys fell in love with me," she said, "but I did not fall in love with any of them."

Did Marina ever fall in love with anybody? We'll see. *Newsweek*, however, is quite sure that this is it and is overwhelmed with sympathetic joy as well as patriotic pride:

'Now she is in love, and another saga of America is complete.'

Far from complete, for it took the Porters only eleven weeks before their marriage went on the rocks, dramatically.

On the night of August 18, 1965, Marina, distraught and in tears, came rushing into a police station, crying that her husband had threatened her with a gun and that she was in fear of her life. Taken before Justice of the Peace W. E. Richburg, she signed an affidavit in which she stated that Porter had been drinking and that he had a gun. She was afraid her husband would kill her and her children. She also told the judge that Ken had slapped her and was threatening to kill himself.

Upon hearing these charges, Justice Richburg telephoned Porter and asked him to come to the

court 'to talk things over.' Testily, Porter replied: 'Go ahead and issue a warrant.'

The judge promptly did and minutes later two deputy sheriffs appeared at the Porter home to take him to the county jail—the same where condemned killer Jack Ruby lived a ghostly life in the death cell. After a few hours, however, Porter was released on \$1,500 bond.

Asked about his wife's charges, Porter snapped: 'There's nothing to it. It's just time for her to have some more publicity.'

Later, however, his lawyer, Charles Tessmer, issued a statement saying that Mr. Porter admitted having become angry at his wife when he came home for lunch and found the two small children at home alone. The couple quarrelled, he said, when she returned from a neighbour's house. 'Just a lovers' tiff,' he explained.

When real lovers quarrel, they don't as a rule brandish guns, nor get each other arrested. The world no doubt will be hearing again from the Porters of Richardson, Texas.

While awaiting the next instalment of the Marina Oswald saga, let's probe a little into her background and antecedents.



### 'Brave Little Woman'

EARL WARREN, Chief Justice of the United States and Chairman of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy, beamed his grandfatherly best at the young woman who stood before him, demurely dressed in a rust-coloured dress and black cloth coat, her head bowed as in shame.

They had met, by chance or by design, early in February 1964, in the elevator that was to take them up together to the conference room in the large drab building at 200 Maryland Avenue in Washington, D.C., where the Warren Commission held its hearings. Certainly not by chance, an AP photographer had also managed to squeeze into the crowded elevator to snap the historic scene. He got a perfect shot of the Chief Justice's benign smile, Marina's deferential attitude and the hard, professional stares of the two or three men accompanying them on this trip.

'How is the baby this morning?' the Chief Justice solicitously inquired.

Marina's limited store of English for once provided the right answer: 'Fine.'

It was just one of those many touching scenes, carefully stage-managed by competent public relations experts for the purpose of endearing the

Russian-born wife of an alleged presidential assassin to the big hearts of the American people.

Imagine, for a brief moment, what *normally* could be expected to happen when a young woman, whose husband that morning had left for work in routine fashion, after an evening spent playing with the children and a night of sound sleep, suddenly learns in the afternoon that he has been arrested on suspicion of assassinating the President of the United States.

She is aghast and immediately rises in instinctive revolt against the monstrosity of such a charge. For a fleeting moment, maybe, she might consider if there could possibly be something to it.

Did he hate the President so much? No, she knows of her own knowledge that he had never spoken a word against him, that he even, on one occasion, had expressed sympathy and admiration for the President he is now supposed to have murdered.\*

Had he made any preparations for escape after committing 'The Crime of the Century'? Again, no, none whatsoever. He had left that morning without warm clothes, though he might have had to spend a restless night out in the open, hunted by all the furies in the world. Indeed, he had even left his wallet at home, with practically all the cash he possessed. He had left no note of warning to his wife,

\* According to the Warren Report, witness George de Mohrenschildt testified that he had once had a conversation with Oswald about President Kennedy in the course of which the former praised the Chief Executive in these terms: 'Yes, yes, yes; I think he is an excellent President, young, full of energy, full of good ideas.'

Russian  
A. S. ...



he had not even uttered a word of caution to her.

In the absence of any real clue pointing to her husband, she refuses to believe the unbelievable. And, with the spontaneous burst of energy that comes even to the weakest in moments of dire emergency, she now reacts.

And so she moves heaven and earth to clear her husband's name, and, by implication, her own. She argues and pleads with his accusers, protesting his innocence. She storms at them as they refuse to listen. As her frustration and despair mount, there comes the inevitable fit of hysteria: she sobs, she cries, she wrings her hands, she appeals for help, she makes a scene in public.

Even if she didn't love her husband, even if she never had, she would fight for him to the limit of her strength because of the two babies. For she knows that there can be neither reprieve nor pardon for the convicted killer of a President. The mother in her would be an indomitable tower of strength, even though the wife failed.

And, then, in the midst of her tireless, desperate efforts to help her imprisoned husband, as she runs from one lawyer's office to the next, as she struggles to arouse an indifferent press to action, there comes the supreme blow: her husband, manacled and surrounded by a dozen policemen, is shot point-blank and killed at police headquarters!

That would be the last straw for any normal or half-normal woman. Now every fibre of her being would quiver for vindication – and revenge. She is going to bring suit against the killer of her husband

as well as against the city, county, and federal authorities that had been so remiss in their duty to protect the defenceless accused. From here on, she will leave no stone unturned to get justice.

And, after that, she'll go home where she came from. For, this young widow of an alleged presidential assassin, lynched while in custody of the police, is an alien in a hostile land. She has had enough, she's through with all those who had helped to bring this horrible plight upon her. And so she rushed to the nearest consulate of her native country to appeal for protection, legal assistance and help in repatriation.

That, I should say, is just about the minimum any normal woman would have done in Marina Oswald's place.

Not so Marina.

From the first day of the tragedy, she was as meek and submissive as any model prisoner could be – though she was no prisoner at all, not in a formal sense, anyway. She did not oppose the accusers of her husband but cooperated with them to the hilt.

Witness the extraordinary incident reported by the *New York Times* on January 11, 1964, under the headlines: *Oswald's Widow Rebuffs Liberties Union – Note to Dallas Group Bars Interview – 'Much Time' Is Given F.B.I., She Says.*

The story revealed that Greg L. Olds, president of the Dallas chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (who had previously made an unsuccessful attempt to contact Lee Harvey Oswald in prison), and other ACLU officials had requested an interview with Marina 'to assure themselves that Oswald's



widow was not being held by the Government against her will.'

In reply, Marina wrote:

'Let me thank you for the attention you are giving me. I don't think you have anything to worry about.'

'What you read in the newspapers - everything is correct. I don't object to the Secret Service guarding me. I am only grateful for their time.'

'I am free to go where I want and see whom I please. I myself don't want to see anybody to remind me of what has happened. I hope you understand.'

'When I feel I'm ready, I would see with pleasure Mrs. Ruth Paine, who is a very nice person. I hope you also understand that I lived in a strange house. I wouldn't want to inconvenience anyone as kind as Mrs. Paine with the visitors I would be sure to receive.'

'I also give much time to visits with the FBI.'

'I also want to thank you again for being so kind as to worry about me. I repeat I am in as good a position as one can expect me to be after what has happened.'

Although the letter was written in Russian and then translated into English by 'a Russian-born friend of Mrs. Oswald's,' it must be clear to any discerning mind that this was not an original production of Marina's but rather had been dictated to her. The note is just a mite too cool, too impersonal, too official in style to come from the supposedly distraught foreign-born widow. It plainly bears the hallmark of the Secret Service which, within hours of the assassination, took complete charge of Marina

Oswald and never again let her out of sight or control.

There is something conspicuously wrong with this letter, or its translation. In the fourth paragraph, Marina refers to the 'strange house' in which she lived (note the past tense), i.e. - as the *Times* also points out in this context - Mrs. Paine's house in Irving, Texas, a suburb of Dallas. At the same time, however, she indicates that she is not living there at the present moment, for 'when I feel I'm ready, I would see with pleasure Mrs. Ruth Paine.'

The next sentence, therefore, makes no sense: 'I wouldn't want to inconvenience anyone as kind as Mrs. Paine with the visitors I would be sure to receive' (this is evidently a reference to newsmen who might come swarming in, following an intervention by the ACLU - J. J.). How could Mrs. Paine be inconvenienced by visitors coming to the place where Marina actually was staying at the time she wrote this letter, i.e. at the home of her 'business adviser,' Jim Martin? Nobody asked this question, not in public, anyway, and so nobody had to explain.

From the moment they got hold of her, the Secret Service has been coaching every one of Marina's actions, prompting every one of her lines. It has been, and still is, an elaborate show, stage-managed by shrewd and ruthless craftsmen in which Marina has been playing three roles: as a pawn, a puppet and a parrot.

It would have been the sacred duty of the Warren Commission to explore in depth the most intriguing question just why the Secret Service, after having conspicuously in its foremost duty, which is to



protect the life of the President, did everything in its power to prevent the widow of the accused assassin from talking freely about what she knew, or didn't know.

The Warren Commission, in its report, severely censured the Secret Service – and the FBI – for inadequate intelligence work and defective security arrangements, prior to the assassination. But apparently it did not strike these gentlemen as odd that an organization whose negligence (that's the official way of looking at it) had been in large measure responsible for the assassination, *after the deed* should have deployed all its ingenuity and resources to blur the tracks and keep the star witness – Marina Oswald – tightly under control.

How this was done was explained by Donald Janson of the *New York Times* in a dispatch dated Dallas, November 26th, 1963:

'The widow and relatives of Lee Harvey Oswald are being *sequestered* here by the Secret Service.

'A spokesman for the Secret Service said today that the family was being kept in a secret place for its own protection . . . [he] did not know when they would be released. They have been questioned exhaustively for clues about Oswald's motives and possible associations in connection with the assassination . . .

If the spokesman didn't know when they – i.e. Marina, Oswald's mother Marguerite and his brother Robert – would be 'released,' then they were being held, that much is certain. And they were being held without warrants, without even any suspicions or charges against them – illegally, therefore. That this

was done supposedly 'for their protection' smacks of police state methods more befitting an authoritarian regime than a democracy.

Reverting to Marina's letter to the ACLU, the statement 'I am free to . . . see whom I please' is, to say the least, inaccurate. Mrs. Marguerite Oswald has stated that on at least one occasion, when she tried to speak to Marina, a Secret Service man stepped in and kept the two women apart. Marina had, in fact, been 'sequestered,' as the *New York Times* put it, and was being kept deliberately, even forcibly, apart from her relatives by marriage, even from her mother-in-law.

'The two Mrs. Oswalds.' This 'study in contrast' was a natural for the press and a number of papers dealt with the subject – for the most part in the unabashedly one-sided manner which has been the outstanding characteristic of all reporting in the Oswald case as well as of all investigating in the Kennedy murder.

Typical is a story which was published in *Newsday* on February 14, 1964:

'The personal lives of the two women closest to Lee Harvey Oswald, his wife and his mother, are as much dissimilar as the views they hold on the probability of Oswald's role as killer of President Kennedy.

'Marina Nicholaevna Oswald walks erect and alone, a widow of 22 who firmly believes her husband shot the President. She looks at you with level regard from clear, pretty blue eyes . . .

'In contrast to the trim, young widow, Oswald's mother is plump, with tinted gray hair and stylishly



rimmed glasses. She would appear to be the benevolent matron in any American suburb . . .

'Mrs. Marguerite Claverie Oswald has written her own role for the ages, that of champion for her dead son, defender of what she holds out to be his integrity, loyalty and innocence. She strikes back at any attack on her son and has retained a lawyer to proclaim and protest her son's innocence . . .

'The mother is grieved because her daughter-in-law has announced she is convinced Oswald killed the President. "Marina was brainwashed," charges Mrs. Oswald.'

This is one of the more fair-minded articles on the theme of the two Mrs. Oswalds. Generally speaking, the mother has been the object of outright or sly disparagement in the press, while Marina is highly regarded for her cooperation with the official thesis of the assassination.

Yet to any truly unbiased mind it must be self-evident that sympathy and praise should go to Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, who acted as any mother should under the circumstances, rather than to Marina who chose to betray her husband even in death.

True, it may be argued that Marina could not help herself. She was, and still is, a prisoner of the Secret Service. In the next chapter (instalment) the nature and the origin of this stranglehold will be fully discussed. Even so, the fact remains that Marina at no time since the tragedy of November 22, 1963, made any visible effort to break that hold and to regain her freedom of expression.

When Marina made her first appearance before the Warren Commission, in the first days of Febru-

ary, she arrived, according to an AP dispatch (February 4, 1964), 'in an unmarked car with four Secret Service agents, who surrounded her as she walked . . .

Afterwards, J. Lee Rankin, the commission's general counsel, told reporters that Mrs. Oswald had been 'a very cooperative witness.'

The head of the Commission, Chief Justice Warren, went Mr. Rankin one better. He praised Marina for having been 'very composed, very serious' during the hearings.

When asked about her reaction to the sight of some 145 mementoes of her life with Oswald - mostly pieces of clothing, papers and other items of little importance shown to her for identification purposes - Justice Warren said, 'She did not break down or cry,' and then he added:

'She is a very brave little woman.'

Seldom has such warm praise from such a high source been more utterly undeserved.



## *The Wayward Girl*

ONE cannot even attempt to fathom the enigma of Marina's unwifely behaviour during her husband's two-day ordeal, nor her role as an indifferent widow ready to cooperate with his accusers, without going back to her dim origins in wartime Russia.

In the obliquely revealing manner which is one of the outstanding characteristics of the Warren Report, this 'historic document' has shed a good deal of light on the antecedents of Marina – and then has shied away from drawing the self-evident conclusions, as always when the facts didn't fit the preconceived scheme.

To begin with, here is what the Warren Report has to say about her family background.

Marina Nikolayevna Prusakova was born on July 17, 1941, at Severodvinsk (formerly Molotovsk) in the Arkhangel Region of northernmost Russia, the illegitimate child of Klavdiya Vasilievna Prusakova and an unknown father. A few years after her birth, Marina's mother married Aleksandr Ivanovich Medvedev; after her mother's death in 1957, the then sixteen-year-old orphan, in the precise words of the Warren Report, 'continued to live with her stepfather, but had little contact with him. She testified that she did not get along with her stepfather, whom she displeased by her fresh conduct;

she said that she was not easily disciplined and was a source of concern to him. Because of the friction between them, Marina regarded her childhood as an unhappy one.'

The Warren Commission, for want of a better motive, has made much – and the press even more – of Lee Harvey Oswald's alleged unhappy childhood, his supposed inclination towards juvenile delinquency (unsubstantiated by any hard fact), his 'overriding hostility to his environment,' etc., etc., as some of the factors that may have prompted him to vent his wrath against society in general by killing the country's president.

We now know from Marina's own testimony that she herself had passed through an unhappy childhood, that as a young girl she was fresh, undisciplined and a constant source of concern to her stepfather.

Did the seven sages of the Warren Commission ever take these antecedents into account in assessing Marina's motivation and evaluating her credibility? I doubt it, for the way the Commission has treated Marina throughout, she would appear as a paragon of virtue, the flower of immigrant womanhood, a model wife and mother, and the most reliable witness among all the hundreds of persons who were called upon to testify.

'Let's probe a little further into the basis for so much moral credit.

At the age of 18, Marina, who had attended a pharmacy school in Leningrad from 1955 on, went to Minsk to live with an aunt and uncle, the Prusakovs, a childless couple.



'Her uncle, a member of the Communist Party, was assigned to the Ministry of Internal Affairs . . . The Prusakovs had one of the best apartments in a building reserved for MVD employees,' the Warren Report candidly states. Elsewhere in the Report, Ilya Prusakov, the uncle, is identified as a colonel in the MVD.

This is one of the most significant disclosures in the Warren Report, but because it isn't convenient it has been relegated to an inconspicuous place.

If Colonel Prusakov had one of the best apartments in a building reserved for employees of the MVD—i.e. the agency which controls the Soviet Secret Police—this evidently means that he was a big wheel in that organization.

Did it ever strike the Warren Commission as peculiar that Lee Harvey Oswald, an American and a former Marine, at large in 'enemy territory' under most questionable circumstances, should have come to marry a girl who happened to be the niece of a local top official in the secret police?

To be sure, the Commission, in its own words, 'is aware that many of the Soviet officials with whom Oswald came into contact were employees of the KGB, the agency which has primary jurisdiction for the treatment of defectors.'

This may be news to Chief Justice Warren and his fellow commissioners, but the KGB's primary jurisdiction does not lie with defectors, who are few and far between in the Soviet Union. Rather, its principal job is to keep a sharp eye on potential spies and saboteurs which the potential enemies of the

Soviet Union constantly try to slip into that country in one disguise or another (and vice-versa, to be sure).

Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, who ought to know pretty well what her son was up to, has stated repeatedly and firmly that Lee Harvey had been an undercover agent for the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and has expressed the belief that he was 'set up to take the blame' for Kennedy's assassination. This assertion drew a routine denial, on February 13, 1964, from John A. McCone, then director of the CIA, and it has of course also been disputed by the Warren Commission which counted among its most prominent members Mr. Allen W. Dulles, long-time former director of that agency and still a power in it.

One need not pay much attention to a denial of this sort. No intelligence service in the world ever admits, in a specific case, being involved in the shady business which it has been precisely set up to conduct. That's axiomatic.

Nor need we take the word of Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, who is easily dismissed as an aggrieved mother, for granted without confirmation. Any person with an open mind and some experience in what goes on in the world of 'intelligence', who carefully studies the circumstances of Oswald's arrival in the Soviet Union, must come to the conclusion that he was indeed an undercover agent masquerading as a defector. Anyway, the Russians were treating him as such, as the record clearly shows.

One cannot bypass this aspect of the Oswald case



in the name of 'security' because it is an integral part of the Kennedy assassination pattern. I shall not go into this matter again here, since we are concerned with Marina Oswald and her relationship to Lee Harvey. But it is not possible to avoid the issue of his true identity—agent or defector.

Nor is it possible to overlook the obvious implications of what the Warren Report, for the first time, has revealed about the family background and political associations of Marina Nikolayevna Prusakov.

We are already familiar with the fact, established on the highest authority, that Marina is the niece of, and lived at Minsk in the home of, an important official in the Soviet Secret Police, Colonel Ilya Prusakov.

No less significant, indeed truly staggering, is the disclosure, also contained in the Warren report, that Marina, far from being the naïve, bewildered girl as which she has been constantly depicted in the press, was in reality an active, even a militant, Communist, and that she deliberately deceived the American immigration authorities about this fact. The Warren Report is quite specific on this point:

'On July 11, 1961, Oswald and his wife appeared at the Embassy in Moscow before John A. McVickar. Together they executed papers to set in motion the procedures for her admittance to the United States as a nonquota immigrant . . . McVickar asked Marina whether she was a member of any Communist organization and she replied that she was a member of the Trade Union of Medical Workers but

*she denied that she was or ever had been a member of the Komsomol, the Communist youth organization, or any other Communist organization. Marina Oswald has since admitted to the Commission that at one time she was a member of the Komsomol . . .*

The Komsomol, as anyone even vaguely familiar with Soviet affairs would know, is the most important of all subsidiary organizations of the Soviet Communist (Bolshevist) Party. It selects and trains the cadres for the next generation of Communist Party leaders. Membership is not only entirely voluntary, but is in fact severely restricted. No young person of either sex would be admitted to the Komsomol, or could remain a member of it, without being a true and tested Communist, even an activist.

What is more, any applicant to membership in the Komsomol needs a sponsor who vouches for his or her loyalty to the Communist cause. Marina had such a sponsor: Colonel Prusakov of the Secret Police, her uncle and tutor.

The fact that Marina was an active and devoted Communist at the time she met Lee Harvey Oswald cannot be underlined strongly enough, precisely because she herself, and her current protectors, would like us to forget it. That's the reason, too, the Warren Commission did its best to soft-pedal the matter and to bury as discreetly as possible the embarrassing facts about Marina which itself had unearthed.

Another aspect of the matter deserves to be stressed. On the strength of the above-cited paragraph from the Warren Report it can be stated with-



out reservation or equivocation that Marina is a liar. She is a self-confessed liar, even a self-confessed perjurer, for her statements before Consul McVickar were made, as usual, in the form of an affidavit, i.e. under oath.

This grave deception put her in an awkward position with regard to the U.S. authorities, as the Warren Report explains in these terms:

'Although Marina Oswald declared that she was not a member of the Komsomol or any other Communist organization, she was in fact a member of the Komsomol, the Communist youth organization. If this fact had been known to the State Department, Marina Oswald would not necessarily have been denied a visa, although a careful investigation into the nature of the membership would have been required. However, had her membership in the Komsomol become known to the Department after her denial of such membership, it is possible that she would have been excluded from the United States on the ground of having willfully misrepresented a material fact . . .

Here the Warren Commission is being very, very gentle to the 'brave little woman' indeed. For the hard fact of the matter is that Marina can still be deported from the United States at any time for having willfully concealed her membership in the Komsomol when she applied for an American visa. What is more, she could be prosecuted on perjury charges, for her false statement was made under oath before an American official on American soil (the U.S. Embassy in Moscow).

On September 26, 1964—the day before the

Warren Report was released—Hearst Headline Service put out a tell-tale story from Washington that began with these words:

'The American citizenship that Marina Oswald says she wants may very well hang on what the Warren Commission reports tomorrow . . . it is the opinion of some immigration officials here that it will have to be proven that she was in no way involved in certain of her late husband's activities . . . To become a citizen, all applicants must be of good moral character; attached to the principles of the U.S. Constitution and disposed to the good order and happiness of the country. A thorough investigation also is made into their background here and in their native land . . .

That is the club they have been holding over Marina's head all along. Having come to the United States under false pretenses, she is an ever-deportable alien and one who is, moreover, subject to criminal prosecution, the kind of person, in short, that can be told to cooperate—or else.

Here lies the secret key to Marina's seemingly puzzling behaviour after the assassination. (It is a 'secret' key only in the sense that the Warren Commission took care not to publicize the facts about Marina's Communist affiliations and perjury but buried these interesting details in Appendix XV of their report.) After Marina had been taken into custody by the Secret Service, which urgently needed a scapegoat for its own sins and found that Oswald would do just fine, she was undoubtedly confronted with these incriminating facts about her past.



So much for the club that has been hanging over Marina's head all along. As for the carrot, we'll deal with that fascinating subject later. But first let us consider how Marina and Lee Harvey came to meet each other, and *why*.

## *Lee Harvey Casanova*

OSWALD was one of the most ill-trained, poorly prepared and generally incompetent undercover agents the CIA ever sent to the Soviet Union. He was instantly spotted and, from the very first day of his arrival in that country, was constantly shadowed by Russian counter-espionage agents, mostly female.

Not only in every country infested with an all-powerful secret police, but also in quite a few democracies blessed only with ordinary cops, G-men and a flowering 'intelligence community,' are alluring women endowed with both looks and brains used to keep an eye on shady characters infiltrating from abroad.

Even the Warren Commission, in scanning the record, must have noticed what that poor would-be spy, Lee Harvey Oswald, an innocent abroad with a swollen ego and a mission far too big for his boots, never realized: that all those pretty Russian girls who seemed to fall in love with him at first sight, really were counter-intelligence agents. But, since the Warren Commission was firmly committed to not admitting that Oswald was an undercover agent, they obviously could not concede, either, that he was under steady surveillance by counter-intelligence. So they played dumb, seeing, like Oswald, romance where there was none.



One really has to read the full text of Oswald's 'historic diary,' in which he describes his experiences in the Soviet Union in a style befitting a retarded teenager and with a spelling that would make a fourth-grade student wince, to get the full flavour of the cloak-and-dagger comedy surrounding his 'defection.'

(The Warren Commission understandably did not integrally reproduce this diary in its Report; what purports to be the full text was, however, published in the New York Journal American and other papers in late June 1964. There are strong indications, though, that the text was 'edited' by intelligence officials before being released to the press. Here now is a textual example of Oswald's inimitable prose as it appeared in the *Journal American* of June 27, 1964):

#### HISTORIC DIARY

30 From Oct. 16, 1959 Arrival — Leaving  
1959

1st page

Oct. 16. Arrive from Helsinki by train; am met by Intourrest Repre. and in car. to Hotel 'Berlin.' Reges. as 'Stdet' 5 day (one word illegible) tourist ticket. Meet my Intorist Guided Rimma Sherikova. I explain to her I wish to appli for Rus. citizenship. She is flabbergassed, but agrees to help. She checks with her boss, Main Office Intour; then helps me add. a letter to Sup. Sovit. asking for citizenship, meanwhile boss telephons Passport & Visa Office and notifies them about me.

Oct. 17. Rimma meets me for Intourist sighseeing says we must contin. with this although I am too nevous she is 'sure' I'll have an answer soon. Asks me about myself and my reasons for doing this. I explain I am a Communist ect.

She is politly sym. but uneasy now. She tries to be a friend to me. She feels sorry for me I am someth. new.

Sun. Oct. 18 my 20th birthday, we visit exhib. in morning and in the afternoon the Lenin-Stalin tomb. She gives me a present book 'Ideot' by Dostoevski.

Poor Oswald apparently didn't get the point, for he was already gone on Rimma Sherikova (or, as the Warren Report spells her name, Shirokova), a very attractive young woman who moreover did not appear to be overly reticent.

Oswald's incipient romance with his No. 1 guar-dian angel was rudely disturbed by the difficulties he was having with the Soviet immigration authori-ties. He had entered the USSR on a six-day tourist visa, issued on October 14, 1959, by the Russian Consulate in Helsinki, Finland, and apparently was hopeful that a mere proclamation of Communist faith would open all doors to him.

Poor fool! The Soviet counter-intelligence agents who interviewed him in the next few days imme-diatly realized that this was no *bona fide* defector, for Oswald did not have the faintest notion about communism and talked to the Soviet officials who questioned him in a manner totally unbecoming a foreign comrade.

On October 21, 1959, Oswald appeared at the Passport and Visa Department before a 'balding, stout official in a black suit, fairly good English' who asked him point-blank: 'What do you want?'

'Soviet citizenship,' snapped back Oswald.

\* Quoted textually from the *New York Journal-American* transcript.



There he was obviously with C.I.A.

'Why,' the Russian grunted.

'I give vague answers about "great Soviet Union,"' Oswald said. He was shocked when the Ruski told him 'USSR only great in literature.'

'I am stunned. I reiterate. He says he will check and let me know whether my visa will be extended (it expired today).'

It must be said here, in parentheses, that the American intelligence officials who launched Oswald on his Soviet career so totally unprepared for questioning were guilty, themselves, of almost criminal stupidity. Anybody who thinks he can ingratiate himself with the hard-boiled Soviet secret police agents by announcing his intention to seek citizenship on the first day after his arrival on a tourist visa and offering as explanation 'vague answers about "great Soviet Union"' really ought to have his head examined.

The Soviets didn't have to do much checking on Oswald's background, his knowledge of Marxist tenets or his affiliations with the Communist cause. They immediately spotted him for the phony defector he was and ordered him out of the country. At 6 p.m. the same day, the police phoned Oswald in his hotel room and told him he had exactly two hours to get out. Oswald's reaction (according to the diary):

'I am shocked! My dreams! I retire to my room. I have \$100 left. I have waited for two years to be accepted. My fondest dreams are shattered because of a petty official, because of bad planning I planned so much!'

Whatever that last part of the last sentence may

be supposed to mean, the 'petty official' certainly had a good nose. For no genuine Communist, turned down by the Russian comrades (it *has* happened before, many times), would have reacted in such a mawkishly melodramatic fashion.

And, by the way, just what did Oswald mean by saying that he had waited for two years to be accepted? He had spent the two preceding years in the Marine Corps and not even the Warren Commission has claimed that he ever tried, during that time, to contact any Soviet officials or go-between. The whole thing smells fishy – and it was.

But the high point of the melodrama is yet to come. Oswald, ostensibly shocked by the Russians' blunt refusal to accept him as a new recruit to world communism, but in reality scared stiff about what his bosses' reaction would be to this prompt and total flop, puts on a great show of despair and suicide. He reports in his diary:

'7 p.m. I decide to end it. Soak wrists in cold water to numb the pain. Then slash my left wrist. Then place in bathtub of hot water.

'I think, "when Rimma comes at 8 to find me dead, it will be a great shock."

'Somewhere a violin plays, as I watch my life whirl away.

'I think to myself, "How easy to die," and "a sweet death" to violins.'

This time the Russians were duly impressed. After Oswald had been found unconscious in a pool of blood by the bathtub by Rimma, he was taken to a hospital and promptly landed in what the Warren Report politely calls 'the psychiatric ward.' Oswald



himself, in his diary, described the place more directly – and more accurately – as ‘the insanity ward.’

While Oswald is still in the hospital, visited every day by his faithful Rimma, another Intourist girl, Rosa Agafonova, drops by ‘to cheer him.’

Lee Harvey immediately perks up.

‘Very beautiful, excellent English, very merry and kind,’ he notes in his diary about his new acquaintance. ‘She makes me very glad to be alive.’

After he had finally been released from the hospital, Oswald again was summoned to the Passport and Visa office and asked when he intended to get back to his homeland. He repeated his original story that he meant to defect and would like to become a Soviet citizen.

When asked for credentials of some sort, Oswald without a moment of hesitation whipped out – this is highly significant – not his passport but his *U.S. Marine Corps discharge certificate*. For, according to the Warren Report, at a meeting with Richard E. Synder, the Second Secretary and senior consular official at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, a few days later, ‘Oswald told him that he had already offered to tell a Soviet official what he had learned as a radar operator in the Marines.’

We’ll have to remember this singularly revealing statement, quoted textually from the Warren Report and for ever embedded indelibly in that ‘historic document.’

We have to remember it, because, if taken at face value, it means that Oswald volunteered to betray military information to the Russians, a felony that

under the best of mitigating circumstances would have normally earned him between twenty and thirty years at hard labour.

We must remember it, because a few years later Oswald was not only allowed to return home, a free man, but was afforded transportation, with his Russian family, on a State Department loan.

We must remember it, because upon his return to the United States Oswald not only was not arrested on treason charges, nor even questioned about his avowed intention to tell the Russians all he had learned as a radar operator in the Marines, but was actually commended, in an official State Department communication to J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, as ‘*a thoroughly safe risk*,’ as Hoover himself has revealed in a published statement.

We must remember it, because all this can mean only one thing and one thing alone: that Oswald, when he made this offer to the Russians, was not acting on his own but under orders from his CIA bosses at the Embassy. It was a new approach designed to win the Russians’ confidence after the silly ‘I give vague answers about “Great Soviet Union” had miserably failed.

The Soviets evidently were interested now, for they no longer insisted on Oswald’s immediate departure from the country. He was allowed to stay in Moscow for another two months, during which time he ran up a hotel bill of 2,200 roubles he was unable to pay.

Now we come to one of the most curious facets of the official Oswald-in-the-Soviet-Union story. By



comparison, it makes Alice-in-Wonderland read like something out of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Oswald, in his diary, which was not written until after his return to the United States, and thoroughly 'edited' there by competent craftsmen – not for the English spelling and grammar, but for contents – claims that when he was sent to Minsk on January 4, 1960, he was 'instructed to go to the Red Cross to get money to help him settle his bills and pay his way via train.'

This is patent nonsense, on the face of it. The Soviet equivalent of the Red Cross generally functions in the same way as this organization does elsewhere. It is certainly not in the business of providing financial aid on a massive scale to impecunious and unwanted foreigners living at Moscow luxury hotels.

At first the *Journal American* lays on this nonsense real thick: 'Lee Harvey Oswald's appeal to the Soviet Red Cross for funds to enable him to stay in the Soviet Union resulted in an unexpected windfall. Ecstatic at the sudden upturn in his fortunes, Oswald noted jubilantly in his diary early in January 1960: "*I receive 5,000 rubles, a huge sum!*" (italicized in the text).'

Later, he writes, 'I receive a check from the Red Cross every 5th of the month "to help." The check is 700 rubles. Therefore, every month I make 1,400 rubles, about the same as the director of the factory'! (Oswald was employed in Minsk at the Radio Factory, but worked in a menial capacity, at the low salary of 700 rubles a month, although he was a trained and even skilled radio and radar operator.)

Not content with having put such fantastic nonsense on paper, Oswald (still according to the same source) then goes on to convert it into a display of even more grotesque absurdity. He actually claims that this monthly subsidy was being paid to him for 'my denunciation of the U.S. in Moscow.' The story goes on:

'When I went to Russia in the winter of 1959 my funds were very limited, so after a certain time, after the Russians had assured themselves that I was really the naïve American who believed in Communism, they arranged for me to receive a certain amount of money every month.'

'Oh, it came technically through the Red Cross as financial help to a poor political immigrant, but it was arranged by the MVD (secret police).'

'As soon as I became completely disgruntled with the Soviet Union and started negotiations with the American Embassy in Moscow for my return to the U.S., my "Red Cross" allotment was cut off.'

It is a sad commentary, indeed, on the incredible gullibility of the American press and public that such hair-raising bunk could find its way into print (for this quotation was distributed by the Associated Press on June 28, 1964, throughout the U.S. and abroad) without so much as the raising of an editorial eyebrow.

Anyone even vaguely familiar with the ways of 'intelligence' will squirm with laughter at such nonsense. The Soviet intelligence service is notoriously stingy even with its star agents and pays rather poorly – at any rate by American standards – even for top performance in the field. And here we are



told, and asked to believe, that the MVD, acting through the Red Cross, subsidized a poor sap like Lee H. Oswald to the tune of thousands of rubles!

For what? That question alone exposes the whole story as a hoax (just a minor one, embedded in the most gigantic hoax in modern history). Indeed, what use was Lee H. Oswald, shooting off his mouth in Moscow, to Russia, to world communism, to Soviet Intelligence?

No use whatsoever. He was, as we have already seen, unwanted and unwelcome in the first place. He had been ordered out of the country, at extremely short notice, but had dodged his expulsion by slashing his wrists, whereupon he was stuck away in an insanity ward. How much propaganda mileage for communism can you get out of a crazy American mouthing a few vague commonplaces about 'great Soviet Union' to a couple of reporters conveniently alerted by the U.S. Embassy to listen to him?

The Russians never pay any foreign Communists, even the truest and most tested ones, for coming to the Soviet Union and extolling the virtues of communism from that safe sanctuary. Indeed, they only grant asylum to those most conspicuously in grave danger in their homelands and those who, exceptionally, are allowed to stay in the Soviet Union are immediately put to work as translators, interpreters, analysts, economists or workers. They never receive a red kopek just for expressing belief in communism as supposedly that indeed very, very naïve American Lee H. Oswald did.

In Minsk, where he lived for more than two years, doing unskilled work in a factory at the

lowest pay rates, Oswald was never in a position to hold a press conference, to speak over the radio, to write for publication, or in any other way to make even a modest contribution to Communist propaganda. Why on earth, then, should the Soviet secret police subsidize him to the tune of 700 rubles a month, putting him on a par, financially, with the director of the plant where he worked? Why, moreover, should the Soviet authorities make available to Oswald a comfortable apartment, one of the rarest and most eagerly sought-after amenities of life in the Soviet Union? Just because, in Moscow, after his arrival, he had been ranting a bit about the 'great Soviet Union'?

Does it make any kind of sense?

The Kremlin subsidizes those who serve the Communist cause abroad, whether in their homelands or in other foreign countries, or who act as spies for Soviet intelligence, because these people render real services for value received. For Oswald, to have received an outright payment of 5,000 rubles (to pay his debt in Moscow, etc.), followed by a monthly stipend of 700 rubles, while he was in Minsk, he must have served Soviet interests in a far more substantial manner than by just expressing a hypocritical belief in the Marxist teachings which, incidentally, he never came anywhere near understanding.

Where, then, did this extra money come from and what was it paid for? The only plausible explanation is that Oswald *did* betray real military secrets to the Soviet intelligence service, or, what appears far more likely under the circumstances,



fake secrets the CIA made available to him for the purpose of duping the Russians.

In the never-ending war of the intelligence services, this is one of the most common, and generally most fruitful, practices. You slip to your opponent so-called 'play material,' i.e. a 'secret' that is either phony but rigged up in such a manner as to make it look not only genuine, but terribly important; or else information that is out-dated and therefore worthless.

In this connection, nothing is more revealing than a statement made shortly after the assassination by Lieutenant John E. Donovan, who had been for seven months Oswald's immediate superior and supervisor in the Marine Corps (at Marine Air Control Squadron 9 at Tustin, California, near El Toro Marine Corps Air Station), as reported in the *New York Times* of December 5, 1963:

When Oswald allegedly defected to the Soviet Union, in October 1959, 'that compromised all our secret radio frequencies, call signs and authentication codes,' Mr. Donovan said. 'He knew the location of every unit on the West Coast and the radar capability of every installation. We had to spend several thousand man-hours, changing everything and verifying the destruction of the codes.'

It is highly significant, indeed, that the Warren Report makes no mention of all this, although Lieutenant Donovan was called to testify before the Commission. Evidently the Commission realized that if this devastatingly clear statement received wide publicity, the question would immediately, and forcefully, arise:

If Oswald betrayed such valuable secrets, if he did so much damage to the Marine Corps, then why was he not, upon his return to the United States, immediately arrested, prosecuted and severely punished?

This question is unanswerable except on the premise that Oswald's much-touted 'defection' was just an incident in the unending game of deception that is being played between the American and Soviet intelligence services.

The sequence of events adds further proof that the whole thing was rigged up. As we have seen, Oswald's initial profession of Marxist faith impressed the Russians so little, or rather made such a bad impression on them, that they immediately ordered him to leave the country.

The deportation order was cancelled only after Oswald, as the Warren Report itself recognizes, had offered to tell the Soviets what he had learned as a radar operator in the Marine Corps. This jibes completely with the above-cited statement by Lieutenant Donovan. And it was obviously in reward for these disclosures made by Oswald about the location of radar installations on the West Coast and their capabilities that the 'defector' received thousands of rubles, a plush apartment and a permit to stay in the Soviet Union (but only as an ostensibly stateless person, for he never was granted citizenship).

On the other hand, the fact that Oswald was not prosecuted, or in the least inconvenienced, after his return home, clearly indicates that when he betrayed to the Soviets all those secret radio frequencies, call signs, authentication codes, locations of



radar units, etc., *he was acting under orders*. In other words, he had permission from the CIA to do so, obviously for the purpose of establishing himself in the good graces of the Soviet authorities and obtaining a residential permit.

What did the CIA hope to gain by this maneuver, undertaken at the cost of thousands of man-hours, which must have run into the tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of dollars?

No outsider can do more than venture a guess about this operation, but evidently the stakes must have been fairly big to warrant such a heavy cost. The fact that Oswald was a highly trained radar operator, attested to again by his former superior Lieutenant Donovan (*loc. cit.*), suggests that it may have been an attempt to penetrate some particularly sensitive area of the Soviet Union's radar defences.

It is also perfectly clear that the whole thing was a costly flop. The Russians effectively neutralized Oswald when they sent him to Minsk to perform manual work in a factory where his specialized knowledge could have been put to good use, but wasn't. They evidently did not trust him, for if they had, they would have used him in a more sensitive capacity, which is no doubt what Oswald and his wirepullers had in mind.

After pumping him dry of whatever real or fake secrets Oswald was allowed to pass on to the Russians, for the purpose of establishing a good cover, the Soviets apparently cut off his monthly stipend, and that was when he began clamouring for repatriation. For he had been, in his own words, living rather big in Minsk and his ordinary earnings at the

factory were barely enough to support him and his family in the most modest circumstances.

Oswald, it is plain, never got a chance to perform according to expectations. And the Embassy, just as clearly, was reluctant to let him go home without having delivered anything in return for all the money and effort that had been wasted on him. Not that the CIA normally minds waste. It has untold billions at its disposal and is not accountable to anyone, in practice, even for the most reckless expenditures. Nevertheless, the way he was treated later is evidence that his complete failure in the Soviet Union was held against Oswald by his superior in intelligence. And when he compounded this flop, in late September 1963, by making a similar mess of his assignment to Mexico (as a stopover on his way to Cuba), Oswald became totally expendable to his CIA bosses. It was his bad luck that this happened at the precise moment when some of these joined the conspiracy against President Kennedy and the plotters were scouting around for a convenient scapegoat to take the blame for the assassination.

At that stage Oswald was callously thrown to the wolves by his former employers.



## *Marriage on the Rebound*

OSWALD was neither handsome nor bright, and he had little personality. He was young, eager to live—and to live well—self-centered and vain. To cap all this, he was even more naïve than the average run of American innocents abroad, including spies and 'ugly' Americans.

All this made him an ideal victim of Soviet counter-intelligence, which relies even more heavily than do its Western counterparts on the systematic exploitation of female charms and wiles.

Reading Oswald's 'historic diary' is a pathetic experience. The young man, even though trained for an intelligence mission and therefore presumably cautioned against close contacts with alluring females (but, how many American intelligence agents don't get caught that way, year in year out!), sincerely thought he was making romantic conquests, one after another—in the Soviet Union of all places! And the seven saints of the Warren Commission proved just as naïve—unless they deliberately chose to close their eyes to even the most obtrusive 'intelligence' aspects of the case they were investigating.

We have already met those two charming Intourist girls, Rimma and Rosa, who took care of Oswald in Moscow. After he had been shipped off

to Minsk, ostensibly to work in a factory at a mere subsistence pay scale, Oswald again finds himself the object of concentrated female attention. It never occurs to him that this could mean anything but that he is irresistible. Nor, apparently, did it to the Warren Commission.

On January 7, 1960, Oswald leaves for Minsk in high spirits.

'I have a lot of money, and hope,' his diary says. At the station, he is met by two 'Red Cross' workers who take him to the hotel Minsk. There, within an hour, Lee Harvey is taken in tow by two 'Intourist guides,' Rose and Stellina, whom Oswald describes as follows:

Rose: 'about 23, blonde, attractive, unmarried, excellent English. We attract each other at once.'

Stellina, 'nice, married, young child,' was in her forties and therefore presumably a bit out of Lee Harvey's depth.

He seems to be getting along fine with the Rose of Minsk. 'At night, I take Rose to the theatre, movie or opera almost every day. I'm living big and am very satisfied.'

Anybody who has ever travelled in Russia will know that Intourist's functions do not include providing attractive female companionship for strangers. Its girl guides, who are usually good looking and well-versed in foreign languages, are also, as a rule, very reserved. There are no individual departures from that strict standard. When an Intourist girl allows herself to be taken out by a foreigner, as in this case, it invariably means one thing: he is being shadowed by the secret police.



Before long, Lee Harvey has two more Russian, or half-Russian, beauties dancing to his tune, or so he believes. They are Leonora and Anita Zeger, daughters of an Argentinian immigrant named Alexander Zeger.

Leonora, a twenty-six year old divorcee, 'has a beautiful Spanish figure, long black hair, like Anita. I never pay much attention to her. She's too old for me. She seems to dislike my lack of attention for some reason. She is high-strung.'

Anita, twenty, 'very gay, not so attractive,' is the right dish. She and Oswald 'hit it off' right away.

Rose, however, hasn't bowed out because of these Latin interlopers. On October 18, 1960, Lee Harvey's twenty-first birthday, she attends a party at his apartment – and runs smack into a new competitor, Ella Germain. Let Oswald himself describe his latest conquest:

Ella is 'a very attractive girl I have been going walking with her lately; works at the radio factory.'

Now Lee Harvey Casanova is really in his element, or so he thinks:

'Rose and Ella are jealous of each other. It brings a warm feeling to me. Both are at my place for the first time . . .'

A few weeks later, we find this exceptionally amorous 'defector' galivanting about with a whole bevy of other beauties. Of one, he writes:

'A growing loneliness overtakes me in spite of my conquest of Ennatachina, a girl from Riga studying at the music conservatory in Minsk . . . After an affair which lasts a few weeks, we part . . .'

Fortunately, there are others.

November 5, 1960: 'I make the acquaintance of four girls rooming at the Foreign Language Dormitory in Room 212. Nell is very interesting, so is Tomka, Tomis and Alla.

'I usually go to the Institute dormitory with a friend of mine who speaks English very well. Erich Titov, 22, who is in the fourth year at the Medical Institute.'

By December, Oswald, according to his diary, is 'having a light affair with Nell Korobka.'

All this, however, turns out to have been no more than a prelude to the real and unhappy infatuation which was to mark a strange turning point in Oswald's career. On January 1, the diary notes:

'New Year's Day I spend at the home of Ella Germain. I think I'm in love with her. She has refused my more dishonorable advances. We drink and eat in the presence of her family in a very hospitable atmosphere.

'Later I go home drunk and happy. Passing the river homewards, I decide to propose to Ella.'

January 2: 'After a pleasant hand-in-hand walk to the local cinema, we come home. Standing on the doorstep, I propose. She hesitates, then refuses.

'My love is real, but she has none for me.

'Her reason besides lack of love: I am an American and *some day might be arrested simply because of that . . .*' (My italics – J. J.)

This, again, is sheer nonsense. Americans aren't arrested in the Soviet Union just because they are Americans. Not in our day, anyway, nor at the time this conversation took place. We have only Oswald's



word for it that Ella really put it that way, and his diary was heavily 'edited' as is shown by the sentence that follows: 'Example, Polish intervention in the 20s led to arrest of all people in the Soviet Union of Polish origin.' This observation clearly was not made by Ella, who at the time the Polish intervention in the Russian Civil War took place presumably was some fifteen years away from being born (Oswald does not give her exact age, but one may assume that she, too, was in her early twenties when they met). Evidently it is a remark inserted by one of Oswald's mentors in intelligence work.

If Ella was afraid Oswald might be arrested some day, it must have been because she knew he was being shadowed by the secret police and that of course would mean that he was being suspected of being an American intelligence agent or a double agent. This is also borne out by this remark of Ella's quoted in the diary:

'You understand the world situation. There is too much against you and you don't even know it.'

Oswald was so stung by this rebuff that when he turned to go he tripped over his own feet, which made her laugh. Such girlish light-heartedness did not agree with the surly youth who possessed very little, if any, sense of humour.

'I realize she was never serious with me but only exploited my being an American to get the envy of the other girls who consider me different from the Russian boys . . . I am miserable!'

Another entry, made the following day, confirms this sombre thought: 'I am miserable about Ella. I love her but what can I do?'

Oswald now has reached a decisive, and fateful, turning-point in his life. A feeling of slighted love has come to haunt him at the precise moment when another pressing problem comes up. On January 4, 1961, he is called in by the passport office in Minsk about the renewal of his residential permit, issued a year earlier. Oswald, in his diary, presents the proceedings thus:

'I am called in by the passport office and asked if I want citizenship (Russian). I say, "No, simply extend my residential passport." This is granted.'

It is most doubtful that things happened like that. Why should the Soviet authorities, who had flatly rejected his request for citizenship when it was first made, a year ago, now offer it to him on a silver platter – even if he had cooperated in the meantime? It takes a good deal longer than that to become a citizen, even in the Soviet Union, especially in the case of one who is at first considered an undesirable alien.

Anyway, Oswald was allowed to stay, but soon he was beginning to have second thoughts about the matter: 'I am starting to reconsider my desire about staying. The work is drab. The money I get has nowhere to be spent. No night clubs or bowling alleys, no places of recreation except the trade union dances. I have had enough.'

Is this the voice of a disenchanted Marxist? Remember, we have been told, and are constantly being reminded, by the proponents of the official version that Oswald defected to the Soviet Union for ideological reasons. The fallacy of this contention is again exposed here.



To be sure, there have been a large number of defectors from the West who became disenchanted with life in the Soviet Union and after a while redefected to their homelands. But almost without exception these double turncoats complained about the lack of freedom, indoctrination, conformism, etc. It was left for Lee H. Oswald to deplore the lack of bowling alleys.

On February 1st, Oswald wrote to the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, asking for the return of his passport so he could return home. This letter, according to the Warren Report, was received at the Embassy on February 13; in other words, it took about twelve days to travel 468 miles within the same country.

By contrast, the answering letter from Mr. Richard Snyder, Second Secretary, telling Oswald to come in for an interview, appears to have travelled faster than the speed of lightning. For the Warren Report says it was dispatched on February 28 and Oswald records in his diary that he received it on that date. In his reply, dated March 5, which reached the Embassy fifteen days later, he stated *that he could not leave Minsk without permission*. This is an important point, for it shows that Oswald was under constant surveillance. (The Warren Report also states that 'the Soviet authorities had undoubtedly intercepted and read the correspondence between Oswald and the Embassy and knew of his plans'.)

While Oswald again was waiting for an answer from the Embassy (it was not sent until March 24), his good friend Erich Titov (Titovyets)—a 'very bright fellow', according to the diary—took him to

a dance at the Minsk Palace of Culture on March 17. What happened there is described by Oswald in his diary as follows:

'Boring, but at the last hour I am introduced to a girl with a French hair-do and red dress with white slippers. I dance with her, then ask to show her home. I do, with five other admirers. Her name is Marina. We like each other right away. She gives me her phone number and departs home with a not-so-new friend in a taxi. I walk home.'

In the Warren Report, this first encounter between Lee H. Oswald and his future wife Marina is related in different terms. In particular, there is a significant discrepancy. Oswald, says the Report, 'noticed her and asked a friend . . . to introduce him to her.'

It would be interesting to know where the Commission got the information from—was it Marina?—that Oswald, after *noticing* the girl, *asked* a friend to introduce him to her. The point is not without importance, for if it was not Lee Harvey who took the initiative in the case—and his own diary certainly suggests that he did not—the suspicion is warranted that this meeting was part of a scheme hatched by Soviet counter-intelligence.

Are there other reasons to suspect Marina of having been—of perhaps still being—an undercover agent for the KGB? There are many.

In the first place, there is the fact, established by the Warren Commission itself, that Marina is the niece and lived at Minsk in the home of an important MVD official (MVD and KGB are, to all practical purposes, interchangeable terms), Colonel Prusakov.



Secondly, the Warren Report also confirms that Marina was a member of the Komsomol, the Communist Youth organization which provides the cadres for the Soviet hierarchy. Practically all the male and female officials or operatives of the KGB, as constituted today, have risen through the ranks of the Komsomol.

Thirdly, the exceptional ease with which the Soviet citizen and active Communist Marina found it possible to marry an American and, what is far more important, to leave the country with him proves conclusively that she was acting under instructions. To be sure, the Warren Commission would have us believe that there was nothing unusual about that either. In this respect again, the seven sages have either shown themselves incredibly naïve, or else they connived with the State Department in putting over a completely false story on the American people.

Anybody familiar with Soviet affairs must know how incredibly difficult it is for a Russian girl to marry an alien—especially an ‘enemy alien,’ for in a cold war sense Americans are certainly considered to be in that category—and that it is all but impossible for her to get permission to leave with her husband. There are literally hundreds of cases on record of Americans, Britons, Frenchmen, Germans, etc., who have struggled for years to get their Russian sweethearts out of the Soviet Union, to no avail in most cases. Russian officials are notoriously callous where ‘reasons of state’ collide with love and romance. Whenever they not only grant an exit visa to a Russian girl, but do so without perceptible

resistance and in the comparatively short time in which things were arranged for Marina, there is every reason to suspect an intelligence operation, designed to plant a female agent abroad.

The Warren Report itself says that Marina was questioned by Colonel Nicolay Aksenov, a high-ranking MVD official in Minsk, *about her reasons for wanting to go to the United States*, but fails to mention any plausible reasons she might have given to this official.

In her testimony before the Commission, Marina, of course, made it appear as though it was the most natural thing in the world that she should have been allowed to leave, as would have been the case in non-Communist countries. To be sure, she related that she was dropped from membership in the Komsomol after her first visit to the American Embassy in Moscow in July 1961 and that ‘meetings were arranged’ at which ‘members of the organizations’ attempted to dissuade her from leaving the Soviet Union.

It never occurred to that august panel, apparently, that all this might have been part of an elaborate show. After all, when you send an intelligence agent abroad, you have to provide him with a credible ‘cover.’ The CIA certainly went to great pains to make Oswald look like a genuine defector, even though they bungled the job, and he himself botched it completely. In fact, they overdid it because a Marine and radar specialist with access to top secret information who openly studies Russian, subscribes to Soviet and Communist newspapers, reads *Das Kapital*, proclaims his Marxist sympathies, and



gently smiles when his buddies call him 'Oswaldskovitch,' is simply incredible *per se*.

The cover Soviet intelligence supplied Marina with was less grossly spun yet no less transparent. Anybody who is the object of 'meetings' in the Soviet Union at which he is scolded by 'various organizations' had better watch his step. And expulsion from the Communist Party or any of its affiliates such as the Komsomol is usually the prelude to, if not the concomitant of, immediate arrest and prosecution.

Yet Marina suffered no harm. With all these apparent strikes against her, she was granted permission to leave the country. It just doesn't make sense, except as part of a cover build-up. 'Intelligence' moves forever in a world of make-believe, false pretences, fraud and fakery, the tell tale traces of which meet you at every step in the Oswald story. Not, of course, if you take a tip from the three little monkeys and close your eyes, plug your ears and shut your mouth to all evil, as the Warren Commission did.

In this connection once more, the Warren Report, in a feeble attempt to explain the inexplicable, gets entangled in obvious contradictions.

On one hand, Marina testified that, when her desire to go to the United States became known, 'her aunt and uncle did not speak to her for "a long time,"' and once she confided to one of her peculiar 'friends' in Dallas that this period of her life in Minsk was 'a very horrible time.'

A few paragraphs later, however, we are told that when Marina was granted an interview with

Colonel Aksenov about her application for an exit visa, she 'thought that this might have been due to the fact that her uncle was also a high-ranking official in the Minsk MVD, but she did not believe that he would personally have presumed on his official position to obtain special treatment.'

This is preposterous, on the face of it. Regardless of whether or not Comrade Colonel Prusakov might have presumed on his high official position to get favours from Comrade Colonel Aksenov, there cannot be the slightest doubt that the latter would have been in touch with his MVD colleagues about the matter he had to decide. Can one imagine a high-ranking Soviet police official granting an exit visa to the niece of a fellow MVD big-shot, against set government policy, without at least talking things over with the uncle?

And if Comrade Prusakov was so sore at his niece that he would not speak to her 'for a long time,' why didn't he 'presume on his high official position' to let his colleague Aksenov know that he was dead set against Marina's desire to go to the United States? Surely one word from a high-ranking MVD official and solicitous uncle to another would have been enough to nip Marina's application for an exit visa in the bud. The whole thing, again, does not jell, except on the premise that it was all arranged on purpose and that the scheme was to slip Marina into the United States as an undercover agent for the KGB.

There is one thing that could conceivably exonerate Marina from this accumulated evidence that she was sent to the United States as an intelligence



agent. If she were able to prove that her marriage to Lee Harvey Oswald was truly a love match and that the formidable obstacles normally in the path of any marital relationship between a Soviet citizen and a foreigner had been cleared away thanks to the power of love, this would lend some credibility to her own version as well as to the official story of what happened.

Actually, things were totally different. As a matter of fact, the Warren Report has revealed in stark, and even sordid, detail that there was little love lost, if any, between Marina and her husband.

To begin with, there is this startling entry Oswald made in his diary on May 1, 1961—the day after his wedding to Marina!

'In spite of fact I married Marina to hurt Ella I found myself in love with Marina.'

Fast worker, this Lee Harvey Casanova. On April 30 he marries Marina to spite another girl who has rejected his advances; the following day he confides to his diary that he 'found himself in love' with the girl he had married on the rebound. Miracle of the nuptial night? Read on what Oswald jotted down in his diary next:

'The transition [sic] of changing full love from Ella to Marina was very painful esp. as I saw Ella almost every day at the factory but as the days and weeks went by I adjusted more and more [to] my wife mentally . . . She is maddly [sic] in love with me from the very start . . .'

If Marina ever was madly in love with Lee Harvey, she cooled off fast enough. Shortly after the couple had set up household first in Fort Worth and

then in Dallas (cf. following chapter), she was running around with other men, telling strangers intimate secrets about her unsatisfactory sexual relationship with her husband, scolding him for not making enough money, and generally behaving more like a shrew than a loving wife. Her crowning act of disloyalty, however, was the way she behaved after Lee Harvey's arrest and murder. Such conduct from a widow would have been termed scandalous by the press and public under any other circumstances. Yet in the case of President Kennedy's assassin all sympathies were on the side of the woman who betrayed him even after death. In the Oswald case, anything goes.

About Lee Harvey's peculiar whirlwind courtship of Marina (while his heart and mind were still wholly with Ella Germain), the Warren Report also makes this interesting disclosure:

'Oswald visited Marina regularly at her aunt and uncle's apartment: they were apparently not disturbed by the fact that he was an American and did not disapprove of her seeing him . . .'

What a curious MVD Colonel this Prusakov is! He doesn't mind his niece being wooed by an American, he even invites him into his home and arranges for the wedding feast to be held there—yet when the bride, a few weeks later, expresses a desire to accompany her husband to his homeland, the poor uncle gets so upset he won't speak to her any more.

Does it make sense? What, then, is wrong with this story? Only that part of it, where Comrade Prusakov ostensibly gets mad with his niece because she wants to go to the United States, after having



married, with his full blessing and assistance, a man from that country.

One can be sure that Prusakov, who approved of his marriage, also approved of Marina's intention to emigrate to the U.S. That is the only plausible and consistent explanation of what happened. We have only Marina's word for it that her uncle was sore at her for wanting to leave. And she has revealed herself, inside the Warren Commission hearing rooms as well as outside, as one of the greatest liars and cunning schemers America has ever welcomed to its shores. We need not trust her word, therefore, in any respect.

### *In the Lion's Mouth*

'... IMMEDIATELY after coming to the United States Lee changed. I did not know him as such a man in Russia . . . He helped me as before, but he became a little more of a recluse . . . He was very irritable, sometimes for a trifle . . .

Thus did Marina Oswald testify before the Warren Commission. All the deletions from her testimony indicated above by dots appear in the text of the Report.

The Oswalds had arrived in the United States on June 13, 1962, travelling aboard the Dutch ship *Maasdam* on tickets paid for out of State Department funds. They stayed at first with Lee Harvey's brother Robert in Fort Worth, then moved into a small apartment on Mercedes street in that city, where they lived in very straitened circumstances, until they chanced to meet the right people—or rather the very wrong ones. The Warren Report says on this score:

'The Oswalds became acquainted with a growing number of people of the Russian-speaking community in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, who were tied together socially by a common origin, language and religion. The group was not restricted to people from Russia but was composed primarily of people from Eastern European countries . . .

It takes a good deal of naïveté, of the peculiar



brand the Warren Commission has exhibited throughout its blindfold investigation, to believe (1) that the Oswalds' contacts with this Russian-speaking community were just fortuitous and (2) that these emigrés from Eastern Europe were prompted by nothing but the noblest motives when they took a keen interest, individually and jointly, in the Oswalds.

The Warren Commission, to be sure, has a tailor-made explanation ready for this intense interest: 'Most of the members of the Russian community were interested in the Oswalds not only because they needed help, but also because they could provide the latest information about what was happening in Russia . . .

The anti-Communist Russians and other emigrants from Eastern Europe who live in the United States are adequately informed about what is happening in their old countries. Not only does the American press cover conditions and events in those countries very thoroughly, but the various racial groups also have their own newspapers which daily provide them with specialized information, with the required propagandist slant added. This is a poor pretext, therefore, for the systematic manner in which the Oswalds were drawn — much to Lee Harvey's displeasure, as the Report also reveals, into this environment.

It is not exactly a secret — and may not be one even for Chief Justice Warren and his fellow-sages — that the CIA recruits its most eager and most efficient help precisely from such emigré groups. What has become known in the United States as

'the intelligence community' (one of the worst misnomers in history) is heavily staffed with ex-Russians, ex-Poles, ex-Hungarians, ex-Cubans, and so forth.

Nor is it merely a supposition based on a general knowledge of the intelligence setup and its operations that the 'Russian-speaking community' in the Dallas-Fort Worth area is, to all practical purposes, a CIA affiliate. At least one of its most prominent members, George de Mohrenschildt, who has played a large and bafflingly complex part in the Oswald drama, candidly admitted in his testimony before the Warren Commission that he had been previously active in intelligence work. (This disclosure is not contained in the Warren Report itself, which for obvious reasons touches on everything related to intelligence in the most gingerly fashion, but it appears in the transcripts of testimony released on November 23, 1964.)

The Warren Commission, a careful perusal of this testimony shows, was not altogether happy with Mr. de Mohrenschildt. In contrast with the other members of the Russian-speaking community, who testified before the Commission, he did not just heap suspicion and abuse on the dead and defenseless Oswald, but had some rather kind things to say about him.

Most remarkably, De Mohrenschildt stated that he had once had a conversation with Oswald about President Kennedy in the course of which the former praised the Chief Executive in these terms: 'Yes, yes, yes; I think he is an excellent President, young, full of energy, full of good ideas.'



Had the Warren Commission not exhibited, from the start, an incurable bias in its investigation, the most elementary sense of fairness might have prompted these gentlemen, many of whom are jurists, to quote this extremely revealing remark in their Report. Yet they did not do so and the reason is perfectly clear: because it would have shot to pieces the flimsy motive the Commission has been trying to construct for Oswald's alleged misdeed.

Perhaps because such testimony did not sit well with the zealous advocates of Oswald's guilt, the Commission, in the words of its Report, conducted an 'extensive investigation' into the background of Mr. De Mohrenschildt and his present wife, who is also Russian-born. At a matter of fact, no less than 118 pages of testimony released on November 23, 1964, deal with his interrogation and 46 additional ones with the questioning of his wife. This makes for one of the longest sections of individual testimony appearing in the twenty-six volumes of the hearings, as the *New York Times* of the 25 November 1964 pointed out.

In the end the Commission came up with the rather surprising verdict (surprising, because until then there had been no public indications at all to the contrary) that there was 'no evidence linking them (George De Mohrenschildt and his wife Jeanne) in any way with the assassination of President Kennedy'; nor did the panel find any 'signs of subversive or disloyal conduct on the part of either of the De Mohrenschildts.'

One cannot help wondering just why the Warren Commission devoted so much time and concern to

a man who had never before figured prominently in news dispatches and other press accounts relating to the assassination. To be sure, the De Mohrenschildts knew the Oswalds well, over a considerable period of time, and George, by a truly remarkable coincidence, also used to be a friend of Jackie Kennedy's mother, but why should that make De Mohrenschildt a potential suspect in the Kennedy assassination while not a hint of such suspicion appears to have fallen, in the Commission's eyes, on any of the other Russian emigrés who surrounded the Oswalds at Dallas and Fort Worth?

Yet the fact that the Commission specifically cleared De Mohrenschildt of possible complicity in the crime as well as of other subversive and disloyal activities is an unmistakable indication that the question whether he was implicated in one way or another had been raised and thoroughly ventilated.

The picture the Warren Report draws of De Mohrenschildt is quite fascinating, and combined with his own admission (not publicized in the Report) that he had been active in intelligence work makes him appear an extraordinarily versatile secret service operator, a figure Somerset Maugham would have delighted in.

Born in the Ukraine in 1911, George De Mohrenschildt left the country with his parents after the Bolshevik Revolution. As a young man he attended a Polish military academy, then studied at Belgian universities. He then emigrated to the United States and became a U.S. citizen in 1949.

The Report goes on: 'De Mohrenschildt eventu-



ally became interested in oil exploration and production; he entered the University of Texas in 1944 and received a master's degree in petroleum geology and petroleum engineering in 1945. He has since become active as a petroleum engineer throughout the world.'

The Warren Commission places no emphasis on this link between De Mohrenschildt and the oil industry which, as every child knows, completely dominates the State of Texas and in particular rules supreme in the fair city of Dallas. Nor did it apparently strike the seven sages as peculiar that so many others among the Russian emigrés who surrounded the Oswalds and guided Lee Harvey's steps towards his doom had manifold and close tie-ups with the Texas oil industry, an overweening and sinister power intensely hostile to President Kennedy.

In further discussing de Mohrenschildt's life story, the Commission gives another example of its coyly naïve approach to the overriding factor to the background of the Kennedy assassination and the Oswald drama: the involvement, in a dozen different ways, of the all-powerful and utterly unscrupulous intelligence agencies.

'By happenstance,' says the Report, 'the De Mohrenschildts were in Guatemala City at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion.' Happenstance, my foot. Everybody knows by now that the Bay of Pigs was an all-out CIA show and that its principal staging ground was Guatemala.

Later, we learn, De Mohrenschildt settled in Haiti, where he 'became involved in a Government-oriented business venture in which he has been

engaged continuously since June 1963 until the time of this report.'

'De Mohrenschildt,' the Report goes on to say, 'frankly admits his provocative personality.' What provoked the Commission, apparently, was that this man, in spite of his own intelligence background and his close involvement with half a dozen or so other oil industry employees and CIA operatives in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, had a few words of honest truth to say about Oswald and in the process completely demolished the spurious motive the Commission had been trying so hard to construct for the assassination. For, as we have seen, De Mohrenschildt's testimony makes it perfectly clear that Lee Harvey did not hate, but liked and respected the man he is alleged to have killed.

Let us turn now to another of those peculiar Russian friends the Oswalds picked up after coming to the United States. Their 'initial contact' with the Russian-speaking community, the Report informs us, was through a Siberian-born *petroleum engineer* by name Peter Gregory who also taught Russian at the Fort Worth Public Library as a 'civic enterprise' (quotation marks in the Warren Report!).

Elsewhere the Report states: 'Upon his arrival [at Fort Worth - J.J.] in 1962, Oswald did not know any members of the relatively small and loosely knit Russian-speaking community. Shortly after his arrival Oswald obtained the names of two Russian-speaking persons in Fort Worth from the office of the Texas Employment Commission in that city. Attempts to arrange a prompt visit with one of them failed. The second person, Peter Paul Gregory, was



a consulting petroleum engineer and part-time Russian-language instructor at the Fort Worth Public Library. Oswald contacted him in order to obtain a letter certifying to his proficiency in Russian, and Marina Oswald later tutored his son in the Russian language . . .

If this seems a bit confusing to you, it is. The authentic Russian father and teacher of Russian at a public library, P. P. Gregory, who had been called upon to attest to Lee Harvey Oswald's proficiency in that language, subsequently turns his own son Paul over to Marina Oswald for 'conversational Russian lessons' at \$35 a week! Well, it's just one of those things, the Warren Report is full of them.

In trying to evaluate the above-cited paragraph from the Warren Report, one cannot but raise the question: why should Oswald, a self-proclaimed Marxist, would-be defector, recent applicant for Soviet citizenship and ostensibly unreformed subversive (for, before long, he is to become a Castro agitator), seek, of his own free will, to make contact with the most anti-Communist strata of American society, the White Russians living in this country?

This would make sense only if there were any valid indications that Oswald attempted to penetrate these circles in order to win them over to the Communist cause (which would be, *a priori*, a hopeless undertaking and one that is hardly ever attempted by genuine Soviet agents). The Warren Report not only does not even hint at anything of the sort, but it goes to considerable lengths to exonerate Oswald – and the Soviets – in this respect. Indeed, the Commission is quite positive and even affirmative on this

point: Oswald was never active as a Soviet agent in the United States; he was just a loner, wholly on his own.

But then his apparent endeavour to seek help and work from the most aggressively anti-Communist sector in America, while still professing Marxist beliefs and adopting pro-Communist attitudes, is not only out of character, but utterly unbelievable. It becomes credible only if we assume that Oswald, the pseudo-Marxist and undercover agent, had been deliberately steered towards these circles, by his CIA and FBI sponsors, for further training and instructions.

This assumption is also strongly borne out by the Bates incident, which deserves close scrutiny. Let us first recapitulate how this tell-tale episode was presented in two of the most reliable newspapers there are in America before the Warren Commission got around to twisting the matter to suit its purpose, as it has done all along, in every phase and facet of the Kennedy assassination complex.

On November 30, 1963, the *New York Herald-Tribune* came out, on its front page, with a major story entitled: *The Oswald Enigma: His Anti-Soviet Book*. The dispatch, from a staff correspondent in Fort Worth, Texas, began with these words:

'Lee Harvey Oswald, variously described as a Marxist, pro-Communist and Communist, was writing an anti-Soviet book a year before he was seized as President Kennedy's assassin.

'He was bitterly critical of everything he had found during his travels as a defector in Russia from October 1959 to June 1962.



'And he hinted that he had gone to the Soviet Union as a U.S. secret agent. [My italics—J. J.]

This was disclosed yesterday by Miss Pauline V. Bates, a public stenographer, who said she had typed a third of the manuscript from notes that Oswald brought to her . . .

The article contained lengthy quotes from Oswald's manuscript (as Miss Bates remembered it, for she was not allowed to keep a carbon copy), beginning with this sentence which sums it all up: 'Conditions were terrible in his eyes . . .'

It has happened before, of course, that disenchanted defectors have published, or tried to publish, upon their return from the Soviet Union, highly critical accounts of their experiences, true or false, in which the Communist way of life was depicted in the darkest colours. There would have been nothing unusual about it, then, if Oswald had been a genuine defector who genuinely repented his errors. What makes the whole thing impossible, however, is that the very same penitent became by official account a redefector within a few months, who not only carried on a lively pro-Castro agitation in the United States but in September 1963 went to Mexico for the purpose of going back to the Soviet Union by way of Cuba!

What is the secret, then, of Oswald's 'anti-Soviet book'?

The *New York Times*, in its account of the Bates episode, also published on November 30, 1963, reported:

' . . . He (Oswald) told her he *intended to solicit* the help of a Fort Worth engineer in publishing a

book from his notes . . . ' while the *Herald Tribune* article stated, 'he showed her a letter from a Fort Worth engineer who offered to publish the book . . .'

Book publishing is not normally a sideline of engineering, nor do well-to-do engineers normally subsidize, at first sight, the literary efforts of almost illiterate would-be authors. What reasons, then, could the (previously anonymous) Fort Worth engineer have had for offering to publish Oswald's anti-Soviet book?

The Warren Report has disclosed the identity of this mysterious 'angel.' It was Peter Gregory, the petroleum engineer already mentioned. Says the Warren Report:

'Oswald told Mrs. Bates that there was an engineer in Fort Worth who wanted to help him publish his notes. On June 19, he had called Peter Gregory . . . He asked if Gregory could give him a letter testifying to his ability to read and speak Russian, so that he could obtain work as an interpreter or translator. Gregory suggested that Oswald come to his office, where Gregory opened a Russian book at random and asked Oswald to read from it. Oswald read well, and Gregory gave him the letter he wanted. *Gregory and Oswald had lunch together and discussed Oswald's life in the Soviet Union*, but, according to Gregory's testimony, nothing was said about publishing Oswald's manuscript. About a week later, Gregory and his son Paul, a college student, visited the Oswalds at Robert Oswald's home and arranged for Marina to give Paul lessons in Russian during the summer.'

This version is, on the face of it, improbable for



a number of reasons. In the first place, White Russian emigrés in the United States do not normally have lunch with self-professed Marxists and defectors to the Soviet Union, nor do they issue credentials to them just for the asking. This is particularly implausible in the case of one who, like Peter Gregory, has attained a certain station in life.

Secondly, other Russians who have known Oswald told reporters that he had only a rudimentary knowledge of their idiom, although he could make himself understood passably well. It seems unlikely that he could have met the exacting literary standards of an instructor at a public library.

In the third place, this account would make it appear that Oswald first went to see Mrs. Bates (on June 18) and then got in touch with Gregory about publishing his book. By contrast, both the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* stories previously referred to make it quite clear that Oswald mentioned the Fort Worth engineer to her the first time he went to her office. He saw her again on the 19th and for the last time on the 20th. This sequence makes it appear highly probable that Oswald had been in touch with Gregory before June 18th, i.e. that he had contacted him almost immediately after coming to Fort Worth.

What is behind these mysterious dealings and contradictory statements? The whole thing is typical intelligence stuff. Quite obviously Oswald had been told to look up Gregory, who is in all probability a leading member of the Fort Worth-Dallas 'intelligence community,' to get instructions and funds for

further assignments. The 'book publishing plans' and Marina's 'conversational lessons' for Gregory's son were rather transparent camouflage in a typical CIA contact operation.

Gregory no doubt had hoped to get some interesting information about the Soviet Union out of Oswald, but he was to be sorely disappointed. What Lee Harvey put down on paper and then dictated to Mrs. Bates for typing is an almost unbelievable hodgepodge of trivialities, commonplaces and fantasies. It is a trite rehash of everything that has been written about life in the Soviet Union in anti-Communist publications for the past forty-five years. There is not a whiff of originality about it, not one new item of information. No wonder the whole show was called off abruptly on the third day, evidently after Gregory had gotten a taste of the two days' production.

The way Lee Harvey behaved in Mrs. Bates's office also makes it amply clear that this was no genuine book-writing effort, but a propaganda assignment sponsored by an intelligence agency. And Oswald bungled it as he has bungled every task ever assigned to him in a field for which he was mentally quite unsuited.

In Mrs. Bates's own words (as related in the *New York Times*), Oswald on the third (and final) day seemed 'worried or scared.'

'He was fidgety, up and down, looking over my shoulder . . .' He insisted on keeping secret what was being written and had her destroy the carbon copy she used.

According to the *New York Times*, too, Mrs.



Bates said that at the time she had the impression that Oswald had been in Russia as an agent for the State Department.

'That was my assumption,' she said. 'He did not tell me that.'

Oswald, of course, would not have told her that plainly. He did say to her, though (according to the *Herald-Tribune* story), 'When the State Department granted my visa, they stipulated they could not stand behind me in any way.' That is the standard formula employed by the Department when it sends undercover agents on their uncertain way into 'enemy' territory.

Thus the Bates incident, too, fits into a pattern, already well established. It is but one more revealing strand in a dark skein of intrigue in which a willing and eager but also singularly inept intelligence agent is ultimately destroyed by those he had served loyally but not well.

## *Everybody Just Loves Marina*

'SOMETIME around August 25 (1962),' the Warren Report relates, 'Peter Gregory invited the Oswalds and several members of the Russian community to his house for dinner. One of the guests was George Bouhe, a Dallas accountant and a leader of the Russian community. He was very interested in meeting and conversing with Marina, because she had spent much of her life in Leningrad, which was his birthplace . . .'

As we shall see later on, Mr. George Bouhe's interest in Marina was to go considerably beyond reminiscing about dear old Leningrad, but the seven sages, candid as ever in their hearts and minds, never paid any attention to that aspect of the matter. The Report goes on:

'Also present was Mrs. Anna Meller, the Russian-born wife of a Dallas department store employee. Near the end of August, the Oswalds met Declan Ford, a consulting *geologist* in the Dallas area, and his Russian-born wife at Mrs. Meller's home. The Oswalds were also introduced to Mrs. Elena Hall, who was born in Teheran, Iran, of Russian parentage. She worked in a dental laboratory and at this time was divorced from her former husband, John Hall, whom she subsequently remarried.\* In order

\* A marginal footnote of interest but no particular sig-



to obtain dental aid for Marina, George Bouhe had brought her to Mrs. Hall's house. In early September the Oswalds met Alexander Kleinlerer, another member of the Russian group, who was then courting Mrs. Hall. Mrs. Clark was introduced to Marina during this period by George Bouhe and Anna Meller. Max Clark met the Oswalds at a later time. At about the same time, they were visited by George De Mohrenschildt, a petroleum engineer born in Russia, who had heard of them from one of the Russian-speaking group. Later on, the Oswalds met his wife, Jeanne, and his daughter and son-in-law, Gary and Alexandra Taylor . . .

That's quite a houseful of Russians, but there were many more. In fact, the Warren Report informs us that the Commission called upon no less than twenty-five persons in the Russian-speaking community to testify before it and that five others the Oswalds had met were questioned on behalf of the Commission.

It would be interesting to know if the Commission, during this phase of its investigation, made any effort to ascertain how many of these thirty White Russian friends and acquaintances of the Oswalds belonged to the 'intelligence community'; how many of them did undercover work for the FBI; how many of them were tied up, in one form or other, with the oil industry and the political power élite of the

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nificance (I suppose): Curiously, the Kennedy assassination and the connected Oswald drama brought about a marital reconciliation between *two* previously estranged couples who both knew the Oswalds well: the Halls and the Paines.

Dallas-Fort Worth area; how many of them were personally acquainted with oilman J. P. Grinnan, the local 'coordinator' for the virulently anti-Kennedy John Birch Society; and how many of them were in touch with the most militant member and military leader of this organization, General Edwin A. Walker.

The answer to that question is self-evident. The Commission carefully refrained from probing into any such relationships because such an inquiry would have brought them dangerously close to the truth about the assassination.

That is also why the Commission saw nothing peculiar in the fact that the bitterly anti-Communist White Russians of Fort Worth and Dallas welcomed into their midst a notorious renegade, would-be Soviet citizen and self-proclaimed Marxist, and his Russian Communist wife, a long-time member of the Komsomol and the niece of a high-ranking MVD official.

Why, the Commission did not even find it surprising that the Oswalds should be handed around from White Russian home to White Russian house, from anti-Soviet lunch to cocktail party to dinner, while Lee Harvey at the same time continued openly to flaunt 'Marxism' in people's faces.

Indeed, in the same breath as it tells us about the Oswald's close and steadily growing contacts with the White Russian community, the Warren Report notes:

'Despite his disillusionment with Soviet life, Oswald kept up his interest in Russia. He wrote to the Soviet Embassy in Washington for information



on how to subscribe to Russian periodicals and for "any periodicals or bulletins which you may put out for the benefit of your citizens living, for a time, in the U.S.A." He subsequently subscribed to several Russian journals. In December 1962, the Soviet Embassy received a card in Russian, signed "Marina and Lee Oswald," which conveyed New Year's greetings and wishes for "health, success and all of the best" to the employees of the Embassy. The Oswalds continued to correspond with acquaintances in Russia . . .

Not bad for one who, only a few months earlier, had dictated to Mrs. Bates a 'book manuscript' replete with some of the most vicious tripe about life in the Soviet Union you could find in print anywhere.

Oswald, according to the official story, is supposed to have 'seen the light' when he asked the U.S. Embassy in Moscow to restore his citizenship, renew his passport and provide financial help for repatriation. This, at any rate, was the State Department's curious explanation for recommending Lee Harvey as a 'thoroughly safe risk' to FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, when the Oswalds set sail for home.

Yet, according to the Warren Report, 'soon after his return to this country, Oswald had started to correspond with the Communist Party, U.S.A., and the Socialist Workers Party. He subscribed to *The Worker* in August 1962. He wrote for additional literature from these organizations, and attempted to join the Socialist Workers Party, which however had no branch in Texas. He sent samples of his photographic work to the Socialist Workers Party,

*The Worker*, and the Hall-Davis Defence Committee, and offered to aid them in printing and photographic work in connection with posters; *these offers were not accepted . . .*' (Italics mine—J. J.)

The candid-minded Warren Commission was not in the least intrigued by this seeming duplicity. It saw nothing strange in the fact that Oswald, having just been brought back at public expense, should immediately plunge with one foot into all kinds of subversive activities, while keeping the other foot in the White Russian camp.

Nor were these emigrés in the least shocked by Oswald's ideological relapses, of which they were well aware. For their leader, George Bouhe, 'testified that Oswald's fare consisted of books by Marx, Lenin and "similar things" . . .

There is a simple and cogent explanation for all these bizarre goings-on (and a lot more of the same, yet to come): Oswald, upon his return, had immediately become a stool-pigeon and *agent provocateur* for the FBI. His clumsy attempts to penetrate the Communist Party, its Trotskyist rival, the Socialist Workers Party, the fellow-traveling Hall-Davis Defence Committee, and other leftwing organizations, bear eloquent testimony to this fact; so does the immediate rejection of his advances by all the groups concerned. The clincher, of course, is his subsequent setting up, in New Orleans, of a completely phony one-man 'Fair Play for Cuba Committee.' I have dealt with this matter exhaustively in my Oswald book and need not, therefore, revert to it in detail here. All this adds up to the inescapable conclusion that Oswald, virtually from the day



he returned to the United States, was taken in tow by the FBI and put to work for it. As a matter of fact, the Warren Report itself provides indirect confirmation for this.

'On June 26, Oswald was interviewed by FBI agents in Fort Worth,' the Warren Report says. 'One of the agents who interviewed him described him as tense and "drawn up"; he said that Oswald exhibited an arrogant attitude . . . and was inclined to be just a little insolent. Oswald declined to say why he had gone to Russia, saying that he refused to "relive his past." He said that he had not attempted to obtain Soviet citizenship, had not been approached by Soviet officials for information about his experiences in the Marines, and had not offered them such information . . .'

This FBI official, who apparently conducted Oswald's first interview by that agency after the latter's return, evidently was not in the game. However, one of his higher-ups in the area was. For De Mohrenschildt has testified that he wrote to the FBI bureau chief in Dallas to find out about Lee Harvey's Communist past, *only to be told that the man was no security risk at all*. The Warren Commission took care to omit this telltale item from its Report, but could not exclude it from the volumes of testimony subsequently published.

Quite a few of the White Russians with whom the Oswalds associated for a while in the Dallas-Fort Worth area were not in the game either, that is equally certain. According to the Warren Report, 'some members of the group were at first apprehensive about them *because the apparent ease with*

*which they had left Russia seemed suspicious . . .'* This, incidentally, is one of the comparatively rare statements in the Warren Report that do make sense, and a lot of it, too. (Italics added - J. J.)

It is just as certain that George Bouhe, the 'leader' of the Russian community, played a prominent part in leading Lee Harvey Oswald towards his downfall, and there is reason to believe that he did so not only for political reasons but also with one eye on the attractive Marina.

In Fort Worth the Oswalds were living in very straitened circumstances, the Warren Report makes plain. It was not until the third week of July that Lee Harvey found employment as a sheet metal worker at the low pay of \$1.25 an hour. He paid \$59.50 a month for the one-bedroom furnished apartment at 2703 Mercedes Street into which the family had moved in mid-August.

'Witnesses have described the Mercedes Street apartment as "decrepit" and very poorly furnished; there was no telephone service,' states the Warren Report, and goes on to say, 'Acquaintances observed that Marina and the baby were poorly clothed, that the Oswalds had little food, and that at first there was not a bed for the baby.'

Note the utter incongruity (the Warren Commission didn't) between such poverty and Lee Harvey's offer of aid in printing and photographic work to several left-wing organizations at the same time. He cannot afford to buy a bed for his baby, but he does have the wherewithal to subscribe to Russian and American Communist publications, etc. Does this not strongly suggest - nay, prove - that these



funds did not come out of his own pockets? On whose behalf were those offers made, then, and for what purpose? The answer is self-evident.

The Russian community, knowing full well what Oswald was up to, it seems, generously chipped in to keep the 'Communist' family from starving. 'Many of the group provided small amounts of money, groceries, clothing, and furniture for the Oswalds,' the Warren Report asserts. 'George Bouhe, Anna Meller, and Elena Hall were the primary contributors, although others provided help in the form of transportation and groceries . . .'

Lee Harvey, it appears, didn't like to be dependent on charity, and who can blame him? 'It was evident that Oswald did not appreciate the help of the Russian community,' the Report says. 'At least once he flew into a rage and shouted that he did not need any of the things that people were giving him. Some felt that he resented the gifts because he could not give his wife what the others were providing; he apparently was critical of them also because he felt that they were overly concerned with improving themselves economically . . .'

This last, somewhat cryptic sentence apparently is designed to give political overtones to the rift between Lee Harvey and his White Russian 'friends' that was to develop soon. Actually, it was not a question of ideological differences, though Oswald may well have felt some envy towards these Russian immigrants, all of whom were vastly better off than he himself was. Basically, though, it was a question of hurt pride, for Lee Harvey, for all his ineptitude and shortcomings, was at heart a very proud young

man. He resented not only the aid—much of it assuredly not unselfish—which the Russian community was showering on his wife and children, but even his own mother's assistance, as this paragraph from the Warren Report shows:

'Mrs. Oswald visited her son and his family at their apartment and tried to help them get settled; she testified that she bought some clothes for Marina and a highchair for the baby, but that Oswald told her that he did not want her to buy "things for his wife that he himself could not buy."'

Oswald no doubt was jealous, too, and he had good reason to be, for some of his Russian 'friends,' in particular George Bouhe, were openly seeking to drive a wedge between him and his wife. The Warren Commission, without of course acknowledging this scheme of things—to the seven sages the motives and designs of all members of the Russian community appeared lily-white—produced tell-tale evidence to that effect.

'While they were in Fort Worth,' the Report states, 'the Oswalds were having marital problems. Several people noted that Marina had a blackened eye when they visited her at the Mercedes Street apartment. She told her mother-in-law and George Bouhe that her husband had struck her, but said to Anna Meller that she had walked into a door. [This inconsistency apparently did not cause the Commission to wonder whether Marina might be given to telling fibs on occasion—J. J.] It seems clear that Oswald had in fact hit her. [Why, gentlemen of the Commission, does it seem "clear" when Marina herself told a woman friend a different story?—J. J.]



People observed friction between the Oswalds on various occasions, although their disputes became more apparent later . . .

Early in October 1962 the Oswalds separated for the first, but by no means the last, time. While Lee Harvey moved to Dallas, staying for short periods at various places, Marina went to live first with the Gary Taylors in Dallas, then with Elena Hall in Fort Worth. While she was in Dallas she was treated at the Baylor Dental Clinic where she was taken by Mrs. De Mohrenschildt after George Bouhe, in the words of the Warren Report, 'had given Mrs. De Mohrenschildt the money to cover the expense of Marina's dental care.' Now that was really big-hearted of George, wasn't it?

Early in November of the same year, the Oswalds were reunited at Dallas after Lee Harvey had rented the three-room apartment at Elsbeth Street (cf. chapter 9), but, says the Warren Report, soon their marital difficulties started again.

'While they were moving to Elsbeth Street, Kleinlerer [who, according to the Report, had been asked to help them move] noticed that Oswald slapped his wife for not having the zipper on her dress completely closed. They argued over his refusal to allow her to smoke. There was a quarrel also when he told the landlady that Marina was from Czechoslovakia; he was angered when Marina, who disapproved of this deception, told the landlady the truth . . .

In the next paragraph, the Warren Report coyly touches upon what has long been rumoured to have been a source of discord between Marina and Lee

Harvey: 'Some witnesses testified that she commented about his sexual abilities.'

The Report goes on: 'He apparently continued to beat her, and once she suggested to George De Mohrenschildt that she should "get away" from Oswald. When De Mohrenschildt criticized Oswald's conduct, Oswald replied "It is my business." Marina testified that when they moved into the Elsbeth Street apartment, her husband became "nervous and irritable" and was very angry over "trifles." She said that it was sometimes her fault that he beat her, for example when she wrote to an old boy friend in Russia that she wished she had married him; the letter was returned for postage due, and Oswald read it . . .

Marina, then, was not exactly the model wife she has been made out to be by a press anxious to commend her for a unique performance: turning star witness against a dead husband. Nor was it evidently such a happy union as one was led to believe earlier. In fact, it looks like it was more of an American than a Russian-type marriage, for the Report also reveals this:

'Because of this quarreling, a few of their acquaintances felt that Marina would be better off alone. *George Bouhe offered to help her if she promised to leave Oswald permanently.* [Italics mine - J. J.] Finally, in early November, Marina, helped by the De Mohrenschildts, moved into Anna Meller's house with the intention not to return to Oswald. He was apparently quite upset and did not want Marina to leave him.

'Oswald did not visit his wife at Anna Meller's



house, and for a short time did not even know where she was. According to Marina, he called her after she moved and they met at De Mohrenschildt's house. He asked her to return home. She insisted that he stop quarreling and that he change his ways. He said that he could not change. Marina would not agree to return home with him and left . . .

Marina kept moving from house to house. She left Anna Meller to live first with Katherine Ford, then with a Mrs. Frank Ray, the Russian-born wife of a Dallas advertising man. Back to the Fords for one night, then again back to the Rays' house. There, Lee Harvey finally caught up with his fast-moving wife. Eventually they made up and went back together to their apartment on Elsbeth Street.

This reconciliation was not to the liking of the Oswald's Russian 'friends.' Says the Report: 'Members of the Russian community who had taken care of Marina so that she would not have to live with Oswald felt that their efforts had been in vain. George Bouhe was so irritated that he never again tried to help either of the Oswalds . . .'

Poor George. He had been so kind to Marina.

## *The Good Samaritan*

THE Warren Report, composed by a flock of well-trained and well-reined lawyers, generally reads like the prosecutor's brief it is.

In places, however, it adopts the gentle, unsophisticated style of the fairy tale, which it also is.

It then depicts a rose-tinted make-believe world, in which everybody is good and guileless except the big, bad wolf (a bit runty in this case), Lee Harvey Oswald who killed the President because he disliked things in general.

One choice example of this kindergarten approach is the way the reader is introduced to one of the most important, as well as mysterious, figures in the drama, Mrs. Ruth Paine:

'In February 1963 the Oswalds met Ruth Paine at a social gathering. Ruth Paine was temporarily separated from her husband and living with her two children in their home in Irving, Tex., a suburb of Dallas. Because of an interest in the Russian language and sympathy for Marina Oswald, who spoke no English and had little funds, Ruth Paine befriended Marina and, during the next two months, visited her on several occasions . . .'

This conjures before one's dreamy eyes, as it is supposed to do, the picture of a good-hearted woman, just oozing the milk of human kindness, forever ready to help the forlorn and needy.



Before we go on with the fairy tale, three points of cardinal importance must be plainly stated and firmly kept in mind:

1. It was Ruth Paine who procured a job for Oswald in the fateful Texas School Book Depository, five weeks before the assassination. In the official view, of course, this was just another of the many good turns she kept doing the Oswald family, for Lee Harvey, at the time, was looking for a job.

There is, however, another way of looking at it: that Oswald was deliberately *planted* in the TSBD by the plotters against President Kennedy's life, who by that time had carefully laid their plans in which figured prominently (a) the 'ambush building chosen with care'—as the *New York Times* has aptly labeled the TSBD—and (b) the preordained scapegoat, chosen with equal care (Oswald).

The matter of the 'ambush building chosen with care' and the way Oswald was steered towards it has been fully discussed in a special chapter of my book *Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy?*, so there is no need to revert here to this subject in detail. The Warren Report in no way has invalidated my arguments, except that it takes the *simplist* view—set forth, as usual, with a great show of papal authority—that Oswald's employment in that particular building, at that particular time, was 'unrelated' to the assassination. Anybody who wants to believe that might as well stop here and revert to the Grand Fairy Tale otherwise known as the Warren Report.

2. It was Ruth Paine who, as she admits, gave Oswald the city map of Dallas and saw him mark off on it the TSBD, some other buildings where he

proposed to inquire about job opportunities, and the ways to get there. The Dallas police and District Attorney deliberately and falsely used this map, which had been found in Oswald's furnished room, to incriminate him, alleging, against their better knowledge, that it was an 'assassination map,' on which Oswald had marked off the route of the presidential motorcade and the trajectory of the bullets he intended to fire at it from the sixth floor window of the TSBD.

I have dealt with this matter at some length in my previous book and raised the legitimate question of why Mrs. Paine, at the time the only person other than Oswald who knew what the true meaning of this map was, did not immediately come forward with her explanation, but waited instead for almost three months. Neither the Warren Commission nor anyone else in authority ever bothered to take up this challenge or to question Mrs. Paine officially about her reasons for withholding the truth so long. They just glossed over the subject, as though there was nothing much to it. Actually it is a matter of paramount importance, because it affords irrefutable proof that the Dallas police and District Attorney wilfully lied and used false evidence in building their case against Oswald.

3. Although the key role which Mrs. Paine has played in the whole affair was well known from the start—her 'friendship' with the Oswalds and her unusual 'kindness' towards them were given a big play in the press from the first day—no picture of her ever appeared in the papers or magazines. Even *Life*, in its roundup story 'The Evolution of an Assassin'



as well as in the several other pieces this eminently pictorial magazine has devoted to the subject, failed to include a picture of Mrs. Paine. Paine, certainly a most unusual departure from standard practice.

Ruth Paine--quite a good-looking young woman who normally might be expected to enjoy having her picture in the papers--shared this extraordinary pictorial anonymity with another official hero of the Kennedy drama, police officer J. D. Tippit, and one of the more elusive side-figures of the show, Curtis L. Crafard. In all three cases, the underlying reason for this rare pictorial discretion--which contrasted so starkly with the abundant press coverage otherwise devoted to Tippit and Mrs. Paine--was that there was something dead wrong with the official version.

Most of all was there good reason for not exhibiting Mrs. Paine's comely features to public view, for in the kind of occupation she really was engaged in discretion is the first principle of conduct.

The Warren Report, needless to say, does not even allude to the bare possibility that Ruth Paine, too, might have been a member of the Dallas-Fort Worth 'intelligence community,' yet every phase of her associations with the Oswalds, and almost every one of her actions, strongly suggests that she was.

In the Report, the circumstances in which she 'happened' to meet the Oswalds are described in scanty detail of no great interest:

'Marina visited the De Mohrenschildts several times after Christmas. They invited both Lee and Marina to a small dinner party in February 1963; also present were Everett Glover, a chemist em-

played in Dallas, and his roommate Volkmar Schmidt. In February 22, Glover had a gathering at his house one of the purposes of which was to permit his friends, *many of whom were studying Russian*, to meet the Oswalds. They were the objects of much attention. Marina conversed at length with another guest named Ruth Paine, who had recently separated from her husband, Michael Paine, a research engineer at the Bell Helicopter plant in Fort Worth. Mrs. Paine, who was studying Russian, obtained Marina's address and shortly thereafter wrote Marina asking to see her. Marina responded by inviting Mrs. Paine to visit her . . .

It is worth noting that this account, dry and unenlightening as it otherwise is, makes one thing perfectly clear: it was Ruth Paine who took the initiative in getting well acquainted with the Oswalds; this point is of great importance.

There exists another, far more detailed and vastly more interesting account of this 'social' gathering of Russian language adepts at the Glover home in Dallas. It was written by Gene Roberts of the *Detroit Free Press* and published early in December 1963 as one article of a series entitled 'The Last Weeks of Lee H. Oswald.'

Before we turn to this story, here are a few more bits of information about Mrs. Paine's background, as drawn from a story about her that appeared in the *Dallas Morning News* of November 24, 1963:

'Mrs. Paine, 31, is a former Russian teacher . . . (she) studied Russian "roughly three years" at the University of Pennsylvania and Middlebury College (Vt.) . . .



'She said she met the Oswald couple at a party in Dallas last February. Mrs. Paine said she did not want to mention names *because the host might not desire publicity*. But the gathering included "six or seven" people. What kind of people?

"I suppose 'intellectual' is a dirty word. But you might say they were intellectuals."

'Mrs. Paine said she had the Oswalds over for dinner in April and later she and the wife visited a couple of times. The Russian woman was expecting a baby, Mrs. Paine said. "I was sympathetic." There was nobody to help her, and I felt she shouldn't be alone. So I invited her, as one woman to another, to stay with me. I felt she could help me as a teacher."

'Mrs. Paine said she taught Russian at St. Mark's School of Texas this summer. She had *one student – a boy astronomer* interested in learning the language in order to *study Russian scientific papers*. Mrs. Paine no longer teaches at School, but tutors the boy privately.' (Italics added – J. J.)

Now for Gene Robert's revealing account of that 'social' gathering in the home of a very publicity-shy host (he appears to have overcome this shyness later):

'Only minutes after the party began in a middle-class Dallas home in February of this year, it became apparent that the *guest of honor* – a wiry ex-Marine named Lee Oswald – was a "crashing boor."

'The guests had come to hear of Oswald's three-year stay in Russia as a factory hand. "Instead," said Norman Fredericksen, a *geologist*, "he began reciting a lot of slogans. He obviously wasn't a great thinker, and I don't even think he knew *what the*

*Marxist slogans meant*. [! ! – J. J.] His Russian seemed to be that of someone who had picked it up in a factory, without any study at all."

'The party was to take on special significance, however, when the attention of the guests turned to Oswald's Russian-born wife. Marina Nicholeavna Oswald was a pretty, vivacious girl who spoke precise and grammatical Russian.

'Almost immediately she won a friend – a Mrs. Ruth Paine, a tall urbane Quaker housewife.

'Today Mrs. Paine thinks this *instantaneous friendship* may have led her, unwittingly and unknowingly, to transport and store the rifle used to assassinate John F. Kennedy.

'It all began casually. Mrs. Paine was invited to the party by the host, Everett Glover, a Dallas chemist who met Oswald through a geologist, George De Mohrenschildt, who in turn met him through Russian refugees in the Dallas-Fort Worth area.

'Glover had "*eight or ten*" friends who were *studying Russian*. He thought they might enjoy an evening with two people who left the country only ten months ago.

'Mrs. Paine developed her interest in the Russian language as a student at the University of Pennsylvania and at Middlebury College in Vermont. The other guests – chemists and geologists – were *learning Russian so that they might read Russian technical journals* . . .

All that is pure, unadulterated CIA stuff, as anyone with any knowledge of the inside working of intelligence will agree if he wants to be honest about



it (few actual or previous employees of that agency would dare to, of course).

The attractive girl student who goes through three years of Russian studies at a great university and a famous college then uses her knowledge to tutor a student of astronomy in order to enable him to study Russian scientific papers . . .

The Dallas party-giver with a whole string of friends all interested in things Russian and a strong dislike for publicity . . .

The gathering of 'intellectuals,' mostly chemists and geologists, all filled with a scholarly yearning to acquire the ability to read Russian technical journals . . .

Well, there is really no mistaking all this.

I want to make it perfectly clear in this context that I do not consider all persons somehow connected with the CIA as spies or in any other way as disreputable persons. The great majority of people belonging to what has come to be known as the 'intelligence community' are unquestionably quite decent and patriotic men and women, and many of them have a high scholarly standing.

Unfortunately, however, the CIA has not only a 'white' side which encompasses thousands of reputable, scholarly and devoted people engaged in the perfectly legitimate endeavour of extracting information useful to the national interest through a careful study of Soviet bloc publications, but also a very dark one, popularly known as the 'Department of Dirty Tricks.' And, most unfortunately, it is the dirty tricks specialists, rather than the scholars, who set the tune and make policy in the CIA.

And the dirtiest trick ever conceived and executed by high-ranking CIA leaders, at least on the Texas level, was to aid and abet the conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy and, for that purpose, to throw to the wolves one of their own operatives, the devoted but inept Lee H. Oswald.

Some of the people that gathered at Mr. Glover's home on that February 22, 1963 - probably the most fateful date in Oswald's life before he met his doom exactly eight months later - may well have been drawn, later, into the conspiracy through their CIA affiliations; others undoubtedly were not.

It is not possible, of course, to assert or suggest with any degree of finality that Mrs. Paine was a conscious tool of the plotters. However, the fact that she was instrumental in planting Oswald in the 'ambush building' chosen with care' certainly warrants suspicion, and her failure to disclose, in time, the true nature of the alleged 'assassination map' will forever incriminate her unless and until she comes forward with a plausible explanation why she did not help her 'friend' Oswald in his hour of greatest need.

What is quite certain, in any case, is that Mrs. Paine's encounter with the Oswalds was neither fortuitous nor casual - it was planned.

As a matter of fact, the Warren Report itself gives the show away, quite inadvertently as usual. For, in another context, the Report candidly says: ' . . . Ruth Paine has stated that she *always accompanied Marina Oswald whenever Marina left the house with her children* . . . '

This can mean only one thing: that Mrs. Paine



was under instructions to keep a sharp eye on Marina and to let her never out of her sight.

Most likely, Mrs. Paine, in this instance, was acting on behalf of the FBI rather than the CIA. Not that it matters much, for the two agencies cooperate closely and interlock in many ways within the 'intelligence community.' Oswald, for one, was passed on to the FBI by his CIA sponsors and Mrs. Paine apparently travelled the same circuit.

Note, in this regard, that Mrs. Paine herself has freely admitted that, after getting Oswald his job in the TSBD, she immediately informed the FBI about it. She also told the FBI agents who came to see her that Oswald had rented a room in Dallas.

It should be pointed out in this connection that the Warren Report here again indulges in some juggling of dates, as it has done on other occasions. For, on December 7, 1963, the *Dallas Times Herald* had reported, on the strength of an interview with Mrs. Paine, that she had said the FBI agents 'visited Mrs. Oswald sometime after October 6 and again sometime after October 16' (October 6 was the date Marina moved into the Paine home at Irving; October 16 the day after Lee Harvey started work at the TSBD).

In the Warren Report, however, one reads: 'An FBI agent visited the Paine home on November 1 and, accompanied by another agent, again on November 5, and spoke briefly with Mrs. Paine. On neither occasion was Oswald present . . .'

There is no mention here of the October visits.

## *The Secrets of Neely Street*

BURIED deep in the sober pages of the Warren Report—mostly in the Appendices—there is a truly fantastic cloak-and-dagger tale no James Bond thriller could match. To be sure, readers of the 'historic document' were not supposed to see it and, almost down to a man, they didn't. Perhaps the Commission itself was not wholly aware of the sinister significance of some of its findings. Or, what seems more likely, some of its members were but they preferred to keep mum. And so the rest of the august panel were hoodwinked, the way you and I were meant to be.

Our story begins with a document which the vast majority even of Warren Report devotees most certainly did not digest properly, if they didn't skip it altogether. It is an FBI report dated November 23 1963, and signed by Special Agent Manning C. Clements (Appendix XI). Sandwiched between other more or less factual and colourless FBI reports on the Oswald case (File No. 89-43), this document would seem to be, on the face of it, the driest and most uninspiring of them all.

Mr. Clements, who apparently was alone with Oswald on this occasion, for there is no mention in his report of any other law enforcement officer present at this interview, had gone to see the suspect



for just one purpose: 'He (Oswald) was requested to furnish descriptive and biographical data concerning himself.'

Among other enlightening items that will be discussed elsewhere, it results from this interrogation that Oswald furnished the following information concerning his various places of residence:

2515 West 5th Street, Irving, Texas, phone BL 3-1628 (residence of wife for past five weeks).

Room in rooming-house, 1026 North Beckley, for about five weeks. *Phone number unknown.*

Previous residences - 4706 Magazine Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, no phone (about three months).

602 Elsbeth, no phone (*about seven months*), Dallas, Texas.

Unrecalled street in Fort Worth, Texas (a few months), with brother in Fort Worth, Texas, for a few months.

Previously in the Soviet Union, until July 1962.

What is significant in these answers given by Oswald to the questions asked by Agent Clements are not the addresses listed, but the one omitted: the one on Neely Street to which the Warren Report refers in another context (Appendix XIII) as follows:

'The Oswalds moved out of the Elsbeth Street apartment on March 3, 1963, to an upstairs apartment several blocks away at 214 West Neely Street. Oswald inquired about the apartment in response to a "For Rent" sign; the rent was \$60 per month, not including utilities. They moved without assistance, carrying their belongings in their hands and in a baby stroller. *Marina preferred the Neely Street*

*apartment* because it had a porch and was, she felt, more suitable for June [her baby daughter - J. J.]...'

Oswald, as we have seen, made no mention at all of this apartment in his statement to Agent Clements about his residences past and present. Instead, he claimed that prior to moving into the rooming house in North Beckley Street in Dallas (while Marina at the same time moved into Mrs. Ruth Paine's home at Irving) he had lived for about seven months at 602 Elsbeth Street in Dallas.

Now the Warren Report tells us, again in Appendix XIII, that Oswald had rented a three-room apartment at 604 (*sic*) Elsbeth Street, in Dallas, on November 3, 1962. Add seven months to that date and you have June 3, 1963, at which time Oswald had long since gone to New Orleans. However, he had stated 'about' seven months and his estimate was apparently a month off, for he left Dallas for New Orleans on April 24th.

What matters, though, is not that Oswald claimed to have lived at Elsbeth Street for about seven months, when it couldn't have been for more than about six; rather it is the fact that he makes no mention at all of the Neely Street apartment and that the length of time Oswald claimed for his residence on Elsbeth Street precludes even the shortest stay at the Neely Street address.

How to explain this singular reticence about just one of a number of addresses in the United States where the Oswalds had lived after their arrival from the Soviet Union? If Oswald meant to be uncooperative under questioning, he could have refused to indicate any and all of his residences. Why did he



talk freely about several others, but kept silent about Neely Street?

The answer to that intriguing riddle can easily be found in the Warren Report. For it is precisely during the seven-week span of time (March 3 through April 24, 1963) when the Oswalds, according to the Warren Report, were staying at the Neely Street address, while Lee Harvey himself implicitly disclaimed ever having lived there at all, that there occurred a number of bizarre and seemingly inexplicable happenings most of which, if scrutinized closely, point in one direction: they were related to Oswald's activities as an undercover agent for the U.S. Government.

To be sure, the Warren Report, in a special section entitled 'Oswald Was Not an Agent for the U.S. Government' (Chapter VI), states that 'the Commission has fully explored whether Oswald had any official or unofficial relationship with any Federal agency,' but found that 'close scrutiny of the records of the Federal agencies involved and the testimony of the responsible officials of the U.S. Government establish that there was absolutely no type of informant or undercover relationship between an agency of the U.S. Government and Lee Harvey Oswald at any time.'

It is, of course, a matter of routine for every kind and type of government in the world to reject indignantly any allegation that a particular spy or stool pigeon, exposed through some unfortunate occurrence, had ever been in its secret employ. Intelligence activities in general are usually admitted, but the identity of a specific individual as a

member of a given country's secret service is always disclaimed. The deeper he has gotten himself into trouble, the more emphatic is the denial. This is a world-wide practice and no one who has any knowledge of intelligence activities will ever pay the slightest attention to an official denial of this sort. It is bound to be a lie, in the nature of things.

Even so, the way the Warren Report attempts to rebut the contention (put forward not only by this writer, but by many others, including Lee Harvey's mother, Mrs. Marguerite Oswald), substantiated by a hundred telltale items and incidents, that Lee H. Oswald was, and had been for years, an agent for the CIA and, in all probability also an informant for the FBI, is somewhat more than ordinarily ludicrous.

Why, Director John A. McCone in person, we're told, 'stated unequivocally that Oswald was not an agent, employee, or informant for the CIA,' and the Director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover, as well as half a dozen of his minions, 'all declared, in substance, that Oswald was not an informant or agent for the FBI, that he did not act in any other capacity for the FBI, and that no attempt was made to recruit him in any capacity . . .'

Just what kind of answer, one is tempted to ask, did Chief Justice Warren expect to get when he asked McCone and Hoover whether they had ever had Lee H. Oswald on their strings, separately or jointly? Did he expect to be told truthfully: 'Yes, your Honor, that fellow was one of our agents, but he botched all his jobs and generally made a perfect nuisance of himself. So, when some of our boys



decided that President Kennedy had outlived his usefulness, that somebody had to do something about it, and that somebody else naturally had to take the blame for it, there was a consensus that Oswald would make a perfect fall guy'?

Until the Warren Report was released, the most cogent argument, among a score of others, in favour of the assumption that Oswald must have been an undercover agent was the fabulous dispatch with which a new passport was issued, on June 24, 1963, to this supposed renegade, traitor, Marxist and agitator for Castro: within twenty-four hours after he had filed his application for a new passport, Oswald had obtained one – and that at the height of the travel season! – although by all normal standards and procedures his application should have been rejected or at least delayed, pending exhaustive investigation.

Yet the Warren Commission unblinkingly accepted the bland assurance by the State Department that Oswald's passport application was 'processed routinely,' and the Report adds, for greater comical effect, that 'the passports of twenty-four other persons on the same list sent to Washington from New Orleans, was authorized at the same time.'

How many of these other twenty-four applicants, one may wonder, had absconded to Soviet Russia, after having served for three years in the Marine Corps in the most sensitive security work? How many of them had attempted to renounce their American nationality and had applied for Soviet citizenship? How many of them had spent three years in Russia, subject to all the temptations and

pressures an ostensibly stateless person of American origin and with plenty of experience in the U.S. armed forces was bound to experience? How many of them, after having finally been rescued and shipped home at State Department expense, had shown their gratitude by promptly setting up a 'Fair Play for Cuba Committee,' organizing Communist street demonstrations and handing out pro-Castro leaflets?

These are legitimate questions to ask, and the Warren Commission not only should have asked them but should also have insisted on unequivocal answers. Instead, the panel allowed the Passport Bureau to get away with such obvious balderdash as 'routine processing.' Since when are the passport applications of notorious turncoats, Communists and Castro agitators 'routinely' dealt with on a twenty-four-hour service basis? Such explanations do not help the Commission's denial that Oswald ever was an undercover agent for the U.S. Government; on the contrary, they prove the point that he was, incontrovertibly.

Nor is that all. A few days after the Warren Report had been published, with its solemn assurances to the American people that there had been no funny business and that Oswald had never worked for the Government in an undercover capacity, the most striking confirmation that Oswald had indeed been a secret agent was provided on the highest authority.

Indeed, on October 2, 1964, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, needed by the Warren Commission's criticism of his agency for failing to keep a sharp eye



on Lee H. Oswald, leaked to the press a transcript of his own testimony before the panel on May 14, 1964, which contained this priceless gem:

'The first evidence we had of him in our file was a statement to the press in Moscow [i.e. in mid-November 1959, after Oswald was supposed to have "defected" to the Soviet Union - J. J.]. And then, later, about twenty-two months later, he returned to the embassy there and according to the report of the embassy we have and which the Commission has been furnished with, *the embassy gave him a clean bill* . . .

Thus, about September 1961, while Oswald was working at the Minsk factory, supposedly a defector who had forever forsaken the American way of life in favour of Communism, the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, in a written communication to the FBI (for it had been 'furnished' to the Warren Commission) cleared him with that federal agency which, as everybody knows, relentlessly keeps track of all avowed or suspected American Communists.

Elsewhere in his statement to the Commission, Hoover was even more specific: ' . . . the report of the State Department that indicated this man was a *thoroughly safe risk* . . .

Yes, sir. These are the textual words of J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He didn't keep a watch on Oswald because this traitor, this renegade, this self-proclaimed Marxist, had been officially referred to his agency by the State Department as a *thoroughly safe risk*. That may be a contradiction in terms, but in the special lingo of the State Department bureaucracy it means

only one thing and one thing alone: leave that man alone, he is okay, he's working for us. In other words, it is a clear-cut admission that Oswald, while in the Soviet Union, was on an official mission, that he was indeed an agent of the CIA whose 'Marxist pronouncements and application for Soviet citizenship (promptly rejected by the Russian authorities which immediately saw through this masquerade) were simply part of the 'cover'.

To the Government, Mr. Hoover's unbuttoning of heart and lips in the public prints proved a source of immense embarrassment. The State Department promptly issued a statement saying that a thorough search of its files disclosed no document that had made or implied any such finding on Oswald.

Quite apart from the fact that this search of files can't have been overly 'thorough,' for the statement was issued within hours after Hoover's intentional leak had appeared in the press, this denial is on the face of it just as worthless as CIA Director McCone's previous denial that Oswald had been working for his outfit. Technically, the State Department may have been correct in saying that no such document existed in its files, for it would not of course figure in any official foreign service record. However, there is within the State Department a special section which maintains liaison with the CIA with its own top secret records and procedures which no power on earth could make admit the accuracy of Hoover's statement.

In view of the State Department's formal disavowal, one may wonder, though, why the Department of Justice has not yet moved to indict J. Edgar



Hoover on perjury charges. For, one of two things: either the FBI chief, who testified under oath, was lying when he declared that Oswald had been referred to him by the State Department as a 'thoroughly safe risk,' and then he has perjured himself. Or else, the denial issued by the State Department was deliberately untrue. In the absence of criminal proceedings against Hoover, the conclusion is inescapable that he was telling the truth and the State Department was lying. All of which adds up to the absolute certainty that Oswald was an undercover agent for the U.S. Government.

Subsequently, Hoover once more vented his wrath in the matter in a manner that has become fairly typical of the aging federal police chief. In mid-November 1964, Hoover, at a press conference, intemperately lashed out at a variety of *bêtes noires* including Dr. Martin Luther King ('The most notorious liar in this country') the 'bleeding hearts' on Federal benches, including the Supreme Court, etc. In the same vein, Hoover called the Warren Report 'a classic example of Monday morning quarterbacking' and charged that its criticism of the FBI — for not warning the Secret Service that Oswald was a potential threat to the safety of President Kennedy — was 'unfair and unjust.'

In this respect, Mr. Hoover was perfectly right. It was unfair and unjust to criticize the FBI for not keeping a sharp eye on someone who had been officially commended to it as 'a thoroughly safe risk,' in other words as an undercover agent for the Government. The FBI, in particular its Dallas bureau, has plenty to answer for in the assassination of

President Kennedy, but it cannot be fairly blamed for omitting Oswald from its list of security risks. A man who had been a CIA operative for years and subsequently had been acting as an FBI stool pigeon in New Orleans could hardly be looked upon as a potential presidential assassin. What the FBI is guilty of in the case are sins of *commission* rather than of *omission*. But that is neither here nor there.

In the same context, another remarkable passage from Hoover's statement to the Warren Commission, as leaked to the press on October 2, 1964, deserves to be quoted. Said the FBI chief textually, in answer to a question put to him by Commission member Rep. Gerald Ford:

'I can assure you, so far as the FBI is concerned, the case will be continued in an open classification for all time. I think this will be a matter of controversy for years to come, just like the Lincoln assassination . . .

Mr. Hoover again is perfectly right. Once the American public, and world opinion, have been aroused from the stupor of benign acquiescence induced by the soporific Warren Report, pointed questions will be asked in many places and there may eventually come a vast outcry for straight and complete answers that will make the controversy about Lincoln's death look like a literary picnic.

What is particularly intriguing about Mr. Hoover's above-cited remark is the implicit threat contained in it. At the time the FBI chief testified — May 14, 1964 — it was already a foregone conclusion that the Warren Commission would blame the assassination on Oswald alone and reject all



theories of a conspiracy. Then why should the case be continued in an open classification 'for all time' by the FBI—the very same agency which had supplied the Commission with most of the data on which the latter's verdict was to be based?

Is it not clear from Hoover's astonishing remark that the case nevertheless would remain open that he himself is sceptical about the conclusions of the Warren Commission; that he feels the last word has not yet been spoken? What is Hoover driving at? Is he—who of course must know the truth—holding a club over somebody's head? Time will give the answer.

In any event, it is truly ironical to find J. Edgar Hoover in the forefront of the scarce and scattered little band of critics of the Warren Report. He has struck the most powerful blow yet at the 'historic document,' a blow that shatters its very foundations.

For, with the fact that Oswald was an agent of the CIA now fully established on the highest authority, that of FBI Director Hoover, the Government eventually will be forced—when the American press awakens to its responsibilities—to choose between two equally unpleasant horns of an inescapable dilemma:

Either to concede—*horribile dictu*—that President Kennedy was assassinated by an operative of the Central Intelligence Agency; or to admit that Oswald was innocent and the whole story of the President's murder was a hoax.

And then Pandora's box will fly wide open.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back to the secrets of Neely Street. Three of them stand out among all others:

One, it was a few days after the Oswalds supposedly had moved into their new apartment on Neely Street that Lee Harvey, using the cover name of A. Hidell (cf. the following chapter), ordered from Klein's Sportings Goods Co. of Chicago the famous Mannlicher-Carcano rifle which was to become the *alleged* murder weapon.

I cannot go here again into the question whether or not the Carcano really was the rifle that had been used to shoot at the presidential motorcade from the sixth floor of the TSBD and which had subsequently been found there. Lawyer Mark Lane has formally charged, with plenty of documentation to substantiate his grave assertion, that the police, after the deed, had substituted Oswald's Carcano 6.5 for the Mauser, caliber 7.65, which actually had been found at the scene of the assassination. My own research, as set forth in my other books on the subject, has fully confirmed this substitution.

What matters in the present connection is simply the fact that the purchase of a rifle wrapped in mystery and equivocation, with all the hallmarks of secret service intrigue, took place while the Oswalds supposedly were living at a place which Lee Harvey never mentioned as one of his past residences.

The Warren Report is quite specific on this point: 'The rifle was shipped from Klein's in Chicago on March 20, 1963, at a time when the Oswalds were living on Neely Street.' (The owner of the store, incidentally, also questioned the identity of the



Carcano he had shipped to Oswald with the actual murder weapon, but he was quickly silenced by the FBI.)

Oswald himself steadfastly denied, under interrogation, that he owned any rifle at all; he failed to list among his past addresses the Neely Street address where, according to Marina's testimony, he kept this weapon; and it was delivered to him under the cover name of A. Hidell, although, as is further explained in the following chapter, the use of a fictitious name would not have been necessary at all to obtain delivery of the rifle.

What does it all mean? Undoubtedly that the apartment in Neely Street was not really Oswald's but had been furnished to him as a cover address by his sponsors in the intelligence service, just as A. Hidell was his cover name for the same purpose (cf. Chapter 10). And that, furthermore, the Carcano rifle had been ordered by him on behalf of and for the account of the CIA or the FBI. That's why Oswald claimed, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that he had never owned a rifle. Technically, he was quite right. He only possessed one, but it didn't belong to him; it belonged to the Government which used him as an undercover operative and equipped him accordingly.

This brings us to Point Two. Let's quote first, textually, from the Warren Report:

'During the period from March 2, 1963, to April 24, 1963, the Oswalds lived on Neely Street in Dallas in a rented house which had a small back yard. One Sunday, while his wife was hanging diapers, Oswald asked her to take a picture of him

holding a rifle, a pistol, and issues of two newspapers later identified as *The Worker* and *The Militant*. Two pictures were taken. The Commission has concluded that the rifle shown in these pictures is the same rifle which was found on the sixth floor of the Depository Building on November 22, 1963.'

This conclusion is false. In the documentary (picture) section of my book *Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy?* I have confronted three reproductions of the 'Oswald-with-rifle-and-pistol' picture, as published on the covers of *Life* (February 21, 1964), *Paris Match* (February 29, 1964), and in an AP story, with a photo of the actual murder weapon found at the Book Depository and held aloft by a detective (UPI Telephoto from Dallas, marked DAP 112212 and dated November 22, 1963). Any fair-minded and unbiased observer, I feel sure, will agree with the verdict of an arms expert that the rifle shown in the UPI picture is different from the one Oswald holds in his hand: 'It is longer and heavier, the distance from end of stock to bolt is different, the curve on the stock is different, the length of bolt and its relation to the trigger guard is different . . .'

The Dallas police went the Warren Commission one better. They did not hesitate to 'identify' the pistol on Oswald's hip, in this picture, as 'the revolver which killed Dallas policeman J. D. Tippit,' regardless of the fact, evident to any viewer, that the pistol in this photo is nearly invisible and therefore obviously impossible to describe. That much official recklessness in 'identification' apparently was too much even for the Warren Commission, which kept prudently silent on this particular point.



Why did Oswald ask his wife to take a picture of him in such a bellicose attitude—a photo that later was to be used by the Dallas authorities, and the press, as convincing evidence of his being Kennedy's assassin? The Warren Commission, as usual, dodges this important but also embarrassing question, although the significance of it all must be perfectly clear to any person with an open mind, a minimum of common sense, and a rudimentary knowledge of 'intelligence' procedures.

The tipoff, in the case, is provided by the fact that Marina was instructed by her husband to take not just one, but two pictures of him in this warlike attire, differing in one important detail: in one of these photos, Oswald, while clutching the rifle in his left hand, brandishes in his right a copy of *The Worker*, organ of the American Communist Party; in the other, it is a copy of *The Militant*, organ of the Socialist Workers (Trotskyite) Party. As is well known, the orthodox Communists and the Trotskyists have long been at daggers drawn and it wouldn't do at all, therefore, trying to ingratiate oneself with one of these outfits by posing as an adherent of the other. Now Oswald, in his role as *agent provocateur* for the FBI, had been instructed to infiltrate both of these left-wing groups, as I have already pointed out in Chapter 7. Penniless, he subscribed to both publications and offered to both organizations 'aid in printing and photographic work,' in the own words of the Warren Report. Both, however, saw through this transparent camouflage and turned him down.

The two pictures Oswald had his wife take of him in identical poses and armed with the same

weaponry, but professing different political faiths in each case, evidently were intended for use as 'credentials' in these infiltration attempts. Apparently Oswald's bosses in intelligence work, who had already exhibited their boundless stupidity by believing that he could fool the Soviet secret police by paying lip service to 'great Soviet Union,' felt a photo of Oswald armed to the teeth and waving the corresponding party organ in the onlooker's face would be enough to make him acceptable to either one of these two revolutionary groups. The whole mumbo-jumbo, however, fell flat because Communists and Trotskyists just aren't that dumb.

Evidently the place where the Oswalds had lived, and possibly still were living at the time, i.e. the apartment on Elsbeth Street, was unsuitable for these shenanigans and that is why his wirepullers in 'intelligence' supplied Oswald with the cover hideout on Neely Street along with other paraphernalia of deception, including the rifle. Says the Warren Report:

'Oswald kept the rifle in a small storeroom at the Neely Street apartment. He spent long periods of time in the storeroom, which he told Marina she was not to enter. He told her that he intended to use the rifle for hunting and that he practiced with it. She saw him leave with it once, and clean it several times . . .

In the third place, it was also while the Oswalds ostensibly were staying at the Neely Street apartment that the mysterious attack on General Walker took place (April 10, 1963). This matter will be dealt with in a subsequent chapter. Again, all in-



dications are that this was a stage-managed provocation in which Oswald, if he was in it at all, at most played a subordinate part. Again, what matters principally in this context is that this is an extremely shady business with perceptible secret service overtones and that it, too, took place while the Oswalds were living at the Neely Street apartment—if they ever did actually live there.

In this connection, another passage from the Warren Report deserves to be noted: 'For a while after the Oswalds moved into the Neely Street apartment they got along well, but they soon began to quarrel . . .

Why did they quarrel? When I asked Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, Lee Harvey's mother, about this Neely Street apartment, in the course of a telephone conversation, she exclaimed: 'My son never lived there at all. Marina did, though—with another man!' She wouldn't identify the man but merely said it was a Russian. A *White Russian*, needless to say.

## *The Mysterious Alek J. Hidell*

OSWALD declined to explain his possession of a photograph of a Selective Service Card in the name of ALEK JAMES HIDE~~LL~~.

With this sentence not further elucidated begins the record drawn up by FBI Agent Manning C. Clements of his interview with Lee H. Oswald for the purpose of obtaining descriptive and biographical data concerning the prisoner (cf. preceding chapter).

Elsewhere this document states that, at the time of Oswald's arrest, the following papers were found in his wallet:

A Social Security Card in the name of LEE HARVEY OSWALD, bearing the number 433-54-3937;

A photo of a Selective Service System card with photo of Oswald, but made out in the name of Alek James Hidell, SSN (Selective Service Number) 42-224-39-5321.

Mr. Clements described this curious document as follows:

'Card shows classification IV—(?). Bears date February 5, 1962, reverse side shows card from Texas Local Board, 400 West Vickery, Fort Worth, Texas. Card shows erasures and retyping of the information indicated and bears longhand signature 'ALEK J. HIDE~~LL~~.' Signature of member or clerk of local board (indistinct, may be GOOD—)'



This document is reproduced in the Warren Report's collection of exhibits as 'Cadigan Exhibit No. 15' with the legend: 'Face and reverse sides of the Hidell Selective System Notice of Classification.'

There was in Oswald's wallet still another mysterious Hidell document which Agent Clements described in these terms:

'Card of "Fair Play for Cuba, New Orleans Chapter," issued to L. H. Oswald, June 15, 1963, filed by A. T. (?) Hidell, Chapter President (note name Hidell on fictitious Selective Service card).'

Even more significant than these two papers, however, is a *third* Hidell document which apparently was *not* found in Oswald's possession at the time of his arrest, for it does not figure among the various identification papers listed in the report of Agent Clements.

This document, labeled 'Cadigan Exhibit No. 16,' is reproduced in the Warren Report with the legend: 'Face and reverse sides of the Hidell Certificate of Service in the U.S. Marine Corps.'

(Mr. James C. Cadigan, whose name was given to these and other exhibits, is a handwriting and questioned-documents expert with the FBI Laboratory in Washington, D.C., the Report informs us.)

Why does the Hidell Certificate of Service in the U.S. Marine Corps figure among the exhibits assembled by the Warren Commission while it was *not* among the papers found on Oswald's person after his arrest? The Commission never raised the question, though its interest is self-evident.

Before we attempt to find the answer, another significant observation is in order: In its roundup

story 'The Evolution of an Assassin,' published on February 21, 1964, *Life* magazine reproduced in one row, at the bottom of page 74B, the following documents:

1. The above-mentioned 'Selective Service System Notice of Classification' made out in the name of Alek J. Hidell (face side only!);

2. Again the face side only of the 'Certificate of Service' ostensibly issued by the United States Marine Corps to Alek James Hidell; and

3. The face side of an identical 'Certificate of Service' issued by the U.S. Marine Corps to 'Lee Harvey Oswald 1653230.'

The caption of *Life's* editors added to this photographic display ran:

'*Double Identity*. Identification cards found on Oswald when captured included Marine Corps card (far right) giving his correct name and number. Other two cards, apparently forged by Oswald, give name he used to buy rifle that killed the President.'

Even a perfunctory comparison of the documents reproduced in *Life* with Cadigan Exhibits Nos. 15 and 16 reveals some striking discrepancies.

Indeed, on the *Life* picture of the U.S. Marine Corps card 'apparently forged by Oswald' every single letter of the name Alek James Hidell is clearly legible, whereas Cadigan Exhibit No. 16 *does not show a legible name at all*.

How could *Life* magazine in February 1964 reproduce the service certificate allegedly forged by Oswald with the name 'ALEK JAMES HIDEEL' spelled out on the face of it in perfectly legible letters, when



the Warren Commission seven months later could produce, among its official exhibits, only a document showing so many erasures that no one but an expert using specialized equipment could possibly decipher any kind of name on it?

*Life*, which has not only condoned — like the overwhelming majority of American newspapers and magazines — all the official distortions and fabrications in the Oswald case, but has actively contributed forgeries of its own (in particular a retouched version of the notorious 'Oswald-with-rifle-and-pistol' picture that was discussed in the previous chapter), here again stands exposed as a source of false and faked information. Or are we to believe that the plainly visible name ALEK JAMES HIDEELL also was inserted 'inadvertently' into this picture?

Nor is that all. The Selective Service System Notice of Classification, as reproduced in *Life*, also shows, in the left margin, a handwritten signature 'Alek James Hidell,' every letter of which is clearly drawn and perfectly legible, while the signature on the official 'Cadigan Exhibit No. 15' again is completely illegible.

Moreover, on the Cadigan Exhibit, there are inserted by hand, apparently by an investigator, a number of small arrows pointing to certain numbers and other details of the card which are not visible in the *Life* picture.

Clearly, then, there are in existence at least two sets of these spurious documents, allegedly forged by Oswald. It will be noticed, in this respect, that FBI Agent Clements, in his report, specifically stated that the document found in Oswald's possession was

a photograph of a Selective Service Card in the name of Alek James Hidell.

Who, then, had in his possession the original of this fake document, at the time Oswald was arrested? Shouldn't the Warren Commission have evinced some interest in that legitimate question?

It is well known that Oswald was arrested by the Dallas police, not by the FBI or the Secret Service. Local police officers, therefore, would have been in a position to photograph the documents found on Lee Harvey's person and to retain copies for their own use before turning the prisoner over to the FBI, or even to substitute photographs for the originals found in his possession.

One thing is certain: the only possible source of the documents produced in *Life* magazine is the Dallas police, for it seems most unlikely that the FBI, once it had gained possession of the Hidell papers — or some of them — should have leaked them to the press, or even sold them outright (as happened with the 'Oswald-with-rifle-and-pistol' picture — cf. Chapter 9).

It is also certain that the Warren Commission with regard to the Hidell papers, as in so many other respects, has been deliberately misled by the Dallas police. For the report states in several places that *all* of the above-mentioned Hidell documents had been found on Oswald's person at the time of his arrest, whereas actually his wallet contained only the forged Hidell Selective Service Card, but not the U.S. Marine Corps certificate, as has been set forth before.

Thus, for instance, in Chapter IV the Warren



Report states under the subhead 'Ownership and Possession of Assassination Weapon':

'Among other identification cards in Oswald's wallet at the time of his arrest were a Selective Service notice of classification, a Selective Service registration certificate, and a certificate of services in the U.S. Marine Corps, all three cards being in his own name. Also in his wallet at that time were a Selective Service notice of classification and a *Marine certificate of service* in the name of Alek James Hidell. On the Hidell Selective Service card there appeared a signature, "Alek J. Hidell," and the photograph of Lee Harvey Oswald . . .

Here the Report indulges in at least two flagrant inaccuracies. For, in the first place, the Marine certificate of service was *not* in the wallet at the time of Oswald's arrest. Otherwise, Agent Clements, who meticulously listed and described every scrap of paper this billfold contained, would have included it in his report.

Indirect confirmation of this is also provided by Chapter IV of the Warren Report, where one reads in the section 'Statements of Oswald during Detention':

'The arresting officer found a forged selective service card with a picture of Oswald and the name "Alek J. Hidell" in Oswald's billfold. On November 22 and 23, Oswald refused to tell Fritz why this card was in his possession, or to answer any questions concerning the card. On Sunday morning, November 24, Oswald denied that he knew A. J. Hidell. Fritz produced the selective service card bearing the name "Alek J. Hidell." Oswald became

angry and said, "Now, I've told you all I am going to tell you about that card in my billfold - you have the card yourself and you know as much about it as I do" . . .

This paragraph clearly indicates that Oswald had in his possession, when arrested, only the selective service card - or, rather, according to the report by FBI Agent Clements a photo of it - but *not* the Marine certificate of service. If the Commission really had checked its facts as carefully as it has generally been given credit for, such a slip-up could not have been allowed to pass.

The above-quoted verbal exchange between Oswald and Captain Fritz is also revealing in two respects. In the first place, it shows that Oswald previously had told Fritz something about the meaning of this card ('I've told you all . . .'). This fact reduces *ad absurdum* the statement in the Report that 'Oswald denied that he knew Alek J. Hidell.' And in the second place, it indicates that Fritz had the actual card - the original - in his possession. Where did he get it from, since only a *photo* had been found on Oswald's person at the time of his arrest? The Warren Commission, which had been treating Fritz with kid gloves throughout in spite of his proven record of mendacity ('assassination map,' etc.), evinced no curiosity in the matter.

The other inaccuracy in the Warren Report referred to above lies in the statement that the signature 'Alek J. Hidell' appeared on the selective service card. For, as has been pointed out above - and as everybody can see for himself - this signature does not appear on the illustration used in the



Warren Report (Cadigan Exhibit No. 15). Nothing but a few indecipherable dots and dashes appears on that document. By contrast, a perfectly legible signature does appear on the *Life* picture, as has been noted before, but this is not a document pertaining to the Warren Report and its authenticity is subject to doubt.

What is the meaning of the Hidell papers, anyway? Why did Oswald have in his wallet a photo of a spurious document bearing his photo but a false name? Why was another identification card in the same name (the Marine Corps Certificate) subsequently discovered and why did it find its way into the Warren files?

The Commission did not bother at all to go into this intriguing matter. To be sure, it found that the rifle allegedly used to kill President Kennedy was ordered and received by Oswald in the name of Alek J. Hidell, but there was no need for him to use an alias in that transaction. It is indeed a matter of common knowledge that pistols and rifles can be purchased in the United States—and particularly in Texas!—with the greatest of ease even from mail order houses.

What is more, Oswald would have needed no identification card whatsoever to obtain delivery of the weapon through his post office Box 2915 at Dallas, as Postal Inspector Harry D. Holmes has testified before the Commission: '... when a package is received for a certain box, a notice is placed in that box regardless of whether the name on the package is listed on the application as a person entitled to receive mail to that box. The

person having access to the box then takes the notice to the window and is given the package. Ordinarily, Inspector Holmes testified, identification is not requested because it is assumed that the person with the notice is entitled to the package.'

It's as simple as that. There was no need whatsoever, therefore, for Oswald either to use an alias for the purchase, or to substantiate this false name with spurious identification papers. Yet, according to the Warren Report, he went to great pains to forge not just one but two identification cards in the name of Alek James Hidell. The process is described in detail in Appendix X, section 'Questioned Documents,' and although the Report remarks, rather inanely, that 'the counterfeiting of the Hidell cards did not require great skill,' even a cursory study of the technique employed and described shows that it not only required substantial skill but also elaborate equipment.

The Warren Commission, in evaluating the Hidell papers, is guilty of two of the same fundamental errors that vitiate (along with many other elements) the 'historic document' from cover to cover: it fails to indicate any kind of plausible reason or motive why Oswald should have done what he is supposed to have done; and it credits him with an uncanny technical proficiency, in spite of his poor military and professional records.

If the Warren Commission had been concerned with a genuine search for the truth, it could not possibly have overlooked the true significance of the Hidell papers: they were an integral part of Oswald's work as an undercover agent. In intelli-



gence operations, the use of forged identification papers is basic and the most refined and complex techniques are used to produce apparently flawless spurious documents.

If Oswald was being groomed for a new intelligence assignment, say in Cuba (and a mountain of other evidence points in the same direction), then the forged selective service card and Marine Corps certificate showing the picture of Oswald but bearing a false name might come in handy. It is, therefore, a near certainty that Oswald did not fake these papers on his own but was supplied with them by his wirepullers in the CIA and possibly also the FBI.

Indeed, the Warren Report itself inadvertently, and rather naïvely, confirms this assumption. For it reveals in Chapter IV that the mysterious "Alek J. Hidell" was born a long time before not only the Kennedy assassination but even long before he acquired the rifle he is supposed to have used in killing the President. Says the Report:

'Moreover, the use of "Alek" as a first name for Hidell is a further link to Oswald because "Alek" was Oswald's nickname in Russia. Letters received by Marina Oswald from her husband signed "Alek" were given to the Commission.'

It is too bad the Commission did not see fit to introduce these interesting letters in the record. For it would certainly be fascinating to learn when and under what circumstances Lee Harvey wrote letters to his wife signed 'Alek.' From Appendix XIII ('Biography of Lee Harvey Oswald') one gathers that he and Marina were married on April 30, 1961, at

Minsk and that they after that lived together in that city, except that Oswald early in July made a quick trip to Moscow to apply at the U.S. Embassy for help in returning. After that, the repatriation machinery began grinding, slowly but steadily. And — what a coincidence! — a few months later a spurious selective service card dated *February 5, 1962* — while Oswald was still in the Soviet Union, but impatiently awaiting his departure — came into existence.

That was the time and the place 'Alek J. Hidell' was born. His parents were the U.S. Embassy in Moscow and the Central Intelligence Agency.



## *Confessions of Marina*

LEE HARVEY OSWALD, severely grilled for twelve hours by the Dallas police, the FBI and the Secret Service, never confessed that he had killed either the President or Patrolman Tippit. That didn't matter, though, in the eyes of the Warren Commission. They got plenty of confessions by proxy — from Marina, the bereaved widow.

The trouble is that Marina overdid it. She not only admitted everything the Commission wanted to hear, but volunteered some additional confessions that proved embarrassing because there wasn't a whit of substance to them. She became a confessing machine that got out of control.

Marina's exceptional performance as a tearful widow ready, willing and able to crucify her dead husband even above and beyond the call of duty is matched only by the even more extraordinary performance of the Secret Service. Having failed conspicuously in its primary responsibility of guarding the President, the Secret Service instead took charge of the wife, then widow, of the presumed assassin, which is not one of the duties assigned to it by Congress.

They not only took charge, they also took care of her. And in the process they gave her the approved club-and-carrot treatment. Indeed, one of

the most revealing (and of course least publicized) sidelights of the Oswald case is this: no sooner had the Secret Service taken Marina into protective custody and spirited her away to a motel outside Dallas, where she was kept rigorously secluded, than a public collection was started for her benefit with the notice in the press that donations should be addressed 'c/o U. S. Secret Service, P.O. Box 2089, Dallas.'

Of all the grim ironies of the Kennedy assassination, this, I submit, is the crowning glory; the agency assigned to guard the life of the President first bungles its job — this is the charitable view of the matter taken by the Warren Commission — then publicly solicits funds for the family of the assassin!

Oh, I suppose it's just a case of Christian charity. There is another explanation, though. The Secret Service understandably has a bad conscience about the Kennedy assassination. No other 'law enforcement agency' has a bigger stake in the perpetuation of the Oswald Hoax. And in that noble endeavour, Marina's help was essential from the start. She fully lived up to expectations, what with the constant threat of deportation and perjury charges hanging over her head, what with donations pouring in on her at the rate of hundreds and even thousands of dollars a week.

Once Marina's full 'cooperation' had thus been secured, the Secret Service outdid itself in solicitude by providing her also with a 'business manager,' a man named Jim Martin (who also happened to be the manager of the motel where Marina was kept sequestered), as well as with the services of an



attorney, John Thorne. Between them, these two gentlemen really did an outstanding job of getting the confessing machine started and keeping her going, until eventually all three fell out over the spoils and a financial settlement had to be worked out in court.

Jim Martin's first production was the story that Oswald, several months before the assassination, had displayed homicidal tendencies by trying to shoot the right-wing extremist and John Birch Society leader General Edwin A. Walker, of all people. The Warren Commission also bought this hoax after it had been given wide publicity in the press.

Had the Warren Commission really been thorough and conscientious in its investigation, it surely could not have missed an item published in the Dallas press at the time the Walker incident occurred, in April 1963. That item said that the police had identified the bullet that smashed into a wall of the room where Walker was sitting when the sniper fired at him, as a standard 30-06 calibre, which could not possibly have fitted into Oswald's odd-calibre rifle. Moreover, the observations of the only eyewitness to the shooting, a fourteen-year-old boy, who saw two men make a fast getaway in two separate cars, were completely at variance with Oswald's inability to drive and his lone-wolf habits.

Against this material and visual evidence, the Warren Commission has accepted the say-so of Marina, a self-confessed liar and perjurer, as we have seen, assiduously coached and indeed brain-

washed by overzealous Secret Service advisers. In support of her story, which bears all the hallmarks of invention, Marina's good 'friend,' Mrs. Paine, produced an undated note, written in Russian, in which Oswald is supposed to have instructed his wife about what to do if he were taken prisoner. The note itself, as reproduced in the Warren Report, makes no reference whatsoever to Walker, nor is there any other connection. It is a mysterious note which proves at most that Oswald at some time, while in Dallas, was up to some shady business, as indeed intelligence agents are all the time.

What shatters the credibility of this 'prior attempt to kill' completely is Marina's ludicrous repeat performance in trying to make her dead husband also appear as the would-be killer of Richard Nixon. This episode is so grotesque, even in the sedate terms of the Warren Report—which dismissed it as spurious—that one cannot help wondering how on earth the Commission, after this performance, could have believed one more word of Marina's.

Indeed, 'The Richard M. Nixon Incident,' as related in Chapter IV of the Warren Report, would make a fine textbook example of psychopathic female mendacity. Let's quote textually:

'Another alleged threat by Oswald against a public figure involved former Vice President Richard M. Nixon. In January 1964, Marina Oswald and her business manager, James Martin, told Robert Oswald, Lee Harvey Oswald's brother, that Oswald had once threatened to shoot former Vice President Richard M. Nixon. When Marina Oswald testified before the Commission on February 3-6, 1964, she



had failed to mention the incident when she was asked whether Oswald had ever expressed any hostility toward any official of the United States. The Commission first learned of this incident when Robert Oswald related it to FBI agents on February 19, 1964, and to the Commission on February 21.

So far, what we have is another instance of Marina lying under oath, even though the Commission gently circumscribed her denial as 'failed to mention.' Note that her memory of the conversation with Robert Oswald must have been fresh, since it took place in January and she appeared before the Commission in the first days of February. Yet, in answer to a precise question, she replied, untruthfully, 'no.' A few months passed, and then:

'Marina Oswald appeared before the Commission again on June 11, 1964, and testified that a few days before her husband's departure from Dallas to New Orleans on April 24, he finished reading a morning newspaper . . . [dots in the Report] and put on a good suit. I saw that he took a pistol. I asked him where he was going, and why he was getting dressed. He answered "Nixon is coming. I want to go and have a look." He also said that he would use the pistol if the opportunity arose. She reminded him that after the Walker shooting he had promised never to repeat such an act. Marina Oswald related the events which followed:

"I called him into the bathroom and I closed the door and I wanted to prevent him and then I started to cry. And I told him that he shouldn't do this, and that he had promised me . . . . . [seven dots

in the Report] I remember that I held him. We actually struggled for several minutes and then he quieted down . . . . ."

Now, that's quite a scene. Dramatic, plenty of action and human interest. A desperado wants to go out and shoot a great public figure just because he's coming to town (as he has read in the paper). His brave little woman tearfully puts up a fight to prevent him from wantonly taking a human life. They struggle, in the bathroom (normally a slippery place). It's quite a tussle at that, lasting several minutes. In the end, the heroic little woman wins out. A life is saved. Curtain. Applause.

Something in that soap opera, however, must have struck even some members of the Warren Commission as fishy, for the next thing we learn is that: 'After further questioning she stated that she might have been confused about shutting him in the bathroom, but that "there is no doubt that he got dressed and got a gun."'

'She might have been confused' - here again good old grandpa Warren (Marina herself once said he had talked to her like a grandfather) is oozing kindness and indulgence. Can one be 'confused' about a struggle in a bathroom, lasting several minutes? No, somebody caught Marina in a flagrant lie and she started to backtrack. The bathroom was too slippery after all.

Nor is that all. Remember that Oswald, according to his loving wife, got the idea of having a look at Nixon with a gun 'after he finished reading a morning newspaper', which was how he knew Nixon was coming to town. Now the Warren Report:



'No edition of either Dallas newspaper during the period January 1, 1963, to May 15, 1963, mentioned any proposed visit by Mr. Nixon to Dallas. Mr. Nixon advised the Commission that the only time he was in Dallas in 1963 was in November 20-21, 1963. An investigation failed to reveal any invitation extended to Mr. Nixon during the period when Oswald's threat reportedly occurred . . .'

At this point, if not much earlier, the worthy elders of the Warren Commission would have been fully justified in reaching for the wayward witness in order to administer to her a good spanking. They would have been even more justified in referring her forthwith to the Department of Justice for prosecution on perjury charges.

Instead, however, they put into their Report this benign piece of doubtfulness: 'The Commission has concluded, therefore, that regardless of what Oswald may have said to his wife he was not actually planning to shoot Mr. Nixon at that time in Dallas.'

'Regardless of what Oswald may have said to his wife . . .' Thus the blame for Marina's fumbling lies is subtly shifted to her dead husband who can't talk back. Note also the obvious flaw in reasoning, one of hundreds dispersed through the Warren Report: Oswald, the Commission has found, was not actually planning to shoot with a gun, he was just shooting off his mouth, so to speak. By exonerating him for once of murderous intent, the Commission of course implies that he *could* have been planning to shoot Mr. Nixon, 'at that time in Dallas.' How could he, if Nixon wasn't in Dallas and there was no hint anywhere of his coming?

The whole thing is absurd, and its patent absurdity stems, as usual, from the Commission's unwillingness to face the unpalatable truth—in this case the obvious fact that Marina, their star witness, was lying off her head, once more.

It is apparent from the Report that the Commission's embarrassment over this episode was great, so great in fact that they tried hard to find an honorable exit for the false witness who had so deplorably got enmeshed in her own lies:

'On April 23, 1963, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson was in Dallas for a visit which had been publicized in the Dallas newspapers throughout April. The Commission asked Marina Oswald whether she might have misunderstood the object of her husband's threat. She stated, "there is no question that in this incident it was a question of Mr. Nixon." . . .'

How to save such an obstinate liar from the inevitable legal consequences of her stubborn disregard for the truth (under oath!) now became quite a problem. The Commission finally got around it by following the time-honoured advice: If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again.

'When asked *later* whether it might have been Mr. Johnson,' the Report goes on, 'she said, "Yes, no. I am getting a little confused with so many questions. I was absolutely convinced it was Nixon and now after all these questions I wonder if I am right in my mind." . . .' Some other people might have wondered, too.

And so, in the end, the Commission dismisses the 'Richard M. Nixon Incident' with the solomonic



verdict: 'In the absence of other evidence that Oswald actually intended to shoot someone at this time, the Commission concluded that the incident, as described by Marina Oswald, was of *no probative value* in the Commission's decision concerning the identity of the assassin of President Kennedy.'

Speaking of probative values, there is one thing this incident certainly does prove: that Marina is a great one for making things up out of whole cloth. The Commission, therefore, was inexcusably wrong in taking her other confessions at face value in deciding 'the identity of the assassin of President Kennedy.'

Her crowning performance came when she 'identified' the alleged murder weapon as the rifle of her late husband. This is, of course, a matter of cardinal importance and any court of law worthy of that name would have handled it with utmost punctilio and circumspection.

Not so the Warren Commission. If the Chief Justice of the United States, Earl Warren, ever were to sit in judgment, at the Supreme Court, over the way this key issue was handled by the Chairman of the Warren Commission, Earl Warren, he would undoubtedly be aghast and outraged.

Indeed, one reads in Appendix XII of the Warren Report:

'... On the afternoon of November 22, she (Marina) told the police that her husband owned a rifle and that he kept it in the garage of the Paine house in Irving. Later, at Dallas police headquarters, she said that she *could not identify as her husband's* the rifle shown her by policemen. When Marina

Oswald appeared before the Commission she was shown the Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5 rifle found on the sixth floor of the Depository and identified it as the "fateful rifle of Lee Oswald."'

Obviously, then, one of two suspicious things happened. Either Marina, in looking twice at the same rifle, changed her story from non-identification (at police headquarters) to identification (before the Warren Commission), which wouldn't exactly enhance her status as a reliable star witness. Or else she wasn't looking at the same rifle, and this could mean only that the police in those first hours after the assassination had shown her the *Mauser 7.65* which actually had been found on the sixth floor of the TSBD (cf. Chapter 9) and which she obviously couldn't identify as belonging to her husband, while the Commission showed her the Carcano rifle which Oswald did in fact have in his possession but which wasn't 'fateful' at all. This, then, would represent additional evidence that one rifle was substituted for the other. Either way, this tell-tale item, inconspicuously buried in the Warren Report, is extremely damaging to the official version.

In the main body of its Report, the Warren Commission gives a somewhat different version of the 'identification':

'Marina Oswald testified that the rifle found on the sixth floor of the Depository Building was the "fateful rifle of Lee Oswald." Moreover, it was the only rifle owned by her husband following his return from the Soviet Union in June 1962 ...'

Whatever that last sentence may be supposed to mean, the Report gives no indication of how Marina



identified the weapon. Hundreds, if not thousands, of Carcanos have been sold in this country by surplus arms dealers. How could she—a woman and a recent immigrant from Russia—tell that the one she was being shown was without question her husband's to the exclusion of all other rifles of the same or similar shape and make?

The only way to make a valid identification would have been, of course, to check the serial number. The Warren Report is prudently silent on this crucial point. It does not state whether Marina was asked by the Commission if she had ever seen and noted, or memorized, the serial number on Lee Oswald's 'fateful' rifle. If she had not, or if the Commission failed to ask that question—and, in the absence of any other evidence to the contrary, the text of the Warren Report may be taken as proof that it did not—then Marina's 'identification' was pointless and without a shred of legal validity.

Note also that the Warren Commission not only evades the main issue here, but deliberately beclouds it with a lot of irrelevant and immaterial double-talk. For one thing, the phrase about 'the fateful rifle of Lee Oswald' obviously was meant to impress on the reader how deeply the witness felt about the terrible deed her husband had committed and thereby to eliminate any possible doubts in his mind.

And, what could possibly be the sense of a totally superfluous sentence like 'Moreover, it was the only rifle owned by her husband, etc. . . .'? Is one to imply from that statement that Marina had been asked if Lee Harvey had owned any other rifles and

whether she was quite sure that this particular one, not any of the others, was the 'fateful' one?

In an apparent effort to convince the reader that Marina did know what she was talking about when she identified the rifle, the Report further states: 'It appears from his wife's testimony that Oswald may have sat on the screened-in porch at night practicing with the rifle by looking through the telescopic sight and operating the bolt . . .

Note how imprecise, even wishy-washy that statement is. 'It appears', he 'may have sat,' etc. Moreover, what is at issue here is not Oswald's familiarity with his weapon, but the question whether or not his wife ever came close enough to it to be able to imprint firmly in her mind all identifying marks, including first and foremost its serial number. Did she glimpse it while he was practicing 'at night' and then jot it down in her notebook?

Not only is Marina's 'identification' of the murder weapon completely unconvincing and invalid *per se*, but there appears to have been quite a bit of prompting too. According to published reports (cf. the article 'Mr. Warren's Profession' in *Der Stern*, No. 37, 1964) Earl Warren told reporters *before* Marina testified, 'I haven't shown her the rifle yet, but I am sure she'll identify it,' and *after* her testimony, 'She recognized it all right, as I had told you.'

Let Mr. Warren firmly deny that he ever indulged in such unjudicious and inadmissible prompting of a witness. Or else let him vacate his bench on the Supreme Court.

Justice is indivisible.



## *The Oswalds' Last Quarrel*

WRESTLING with the insoluble problem of finding a plausible reason why Lee H. Oswald, an outspoken admirer of President Kennedy, should have wanted to kill his idol, the Warren Commission falls back on his unsatisfactory relations with Marina. They are, according to the Report, 'of great importance in any attempt to understand Oswald's possible motivation.'

Why should they be? Does a man kill a Chief Executive he loves and respects just because he can't get along with his wife? There are enough improbabilities in other aspects of the Oswald case, so the Commission obviously felt it had better not be-labour this one too much.

'The Commission does not believe that the relations between Oswald and his wife caused him to assassinate the President. It is unlikely that the motivation was that simple,' one reads a few pages later in the Report.

This is typical Warren Commission double-talk. First, Lee Harvey's relations with his wife are dragged in and described as being 'of great importance' in any attempt to understand Oswald's possible motivation, then it is conceded that the motivation was not that simple. But there is no other shadow of a motive and so the Commission simply throws up its hands: 'No one will ever know

what passed through Oswald's mind during the week before November 22, 1963.'

However, one member of the Commission, Congressman Gerald Ford, apparently felt that where angels fear to tread is a good place for him to put his foot in it. In a book entitled *Portrait of an Assassin*, published in New York early in June 1965, Ford heavily elaborates on the preposterous assumption that Oswald killed the President because of jilted love, adding a few touches of absurdity of his own. If we are to believe the Congressman, Oswald always felt an urge to kill someone of importance (General Walker, Richard Nixon, finally Kennedy) whenever he was having trouble with his wife, which happened frequently enough.

If he was a person of such uncontrollable murderous instincts, why didn't he just kill *her* and get it over with? Oh, I suppose she just wasn't important enough.

Actually, the record shows that Oswald's thoughts, at the time of the assassination, revolved almost wholly around his growing family, now numbering four persons after Rachel had been born on October 20, 1963. The Warren Report itself bears eloquent testimony to this concern for his family and the way he doted on his two little daughters:

'On Sunday (October 20), he stayed with June and the Paine children while Mrs. Paine drove Marina to Parkland Hospital where she gave birth to a second daughter, Rachel. He went to work on Monday, but that evening visited Marina in the hospital and spent the night in Irving. Marina wrote:



"Monday evening Lee visited me in the hospital. He was very happy at the birth of another daughter and even *wept a little*. He said that two daughters were better for each other - two sisters. He stayed with me about two hours."

Marina also testified that Oswald, upon his return from Mexico early in October, 'changed for the better. He began to treat me better . . . He helped me more - although he always did help. But he was more attentive.' According to the Report, Marina attributed this change of mood to the fact that they had been living apart so long and to the imminent birth of their second child.

She herself, however, had not changed. She was as cool to him as ever, treating him like an interloper rather than like a husband. Witness this passage from the Warren Report: <sup>3</sup>

'Later that day (October 4, 1964), Oswald telephoned Marina and asked her to have Mrs. Paine pick him up in Dallas. Marina refused, and he hitchhiked out to the Paine home, where he spent part or all of the weekend. Marina testified that . . . she did not want to live with him because she was pregnant and thought it would be better "to be with a woman who spoke English and Russian." On Monday, October 7, Mrs. Paine drove Oswald to the bus station, and he returned to Dallas to look for a job and a place to live.'

In other words, Oswald had been shown the door by his loving wife and her good friend. He then rented a furnished room in a rooming house and a week later moved into the one on North Beckley where he was still a lodger on Assassination Day. He

lived there, as is well known, under an assumed but transparent name, O. H. Lee.

Why did he use that alias? According to the Warren Report, Oswald himself said he did not want the FBI to know where he lived 'because their visits were not very pleasant for him and he thought that he loses jobs because the FBI visits the place of his employment.'

In this context, the Commission comes as close as anywhere in its Report to the true facts of the situation: 'The arguments he used to justify his use of the alias suggest that Oswald may have come to think that the whole world was becoming involved in an increasingly complex conspiracy against him.'

Not the whole world, but the powers-that-be in Dallas, including the local police, as well as the regional echelons of the FBI and the CIA, all of which were indeed engaged in a complex conspiracy in which Oswald was to play the role of fall guy for the assassins of the President. He appears to have had a vague foreboding of doom, though he could not, of course, have imagined what was going to happen.

And he was, indeed, afraid of the FBI, but not the way the Warren Report presents it: 'He may have felt he could never tell when the FBI was going to appear on the scene or who else was going to find out about his defection . . .' This is another of those manifestly ridiculous statements the Warren Commission constantly indulges in because it would not dare face the truth. The FBI, as Hoover himself has pointed out in the above-cited statement, knew



about Oswald's 'defection' from the day he turned up in Russia in 1959. And they had been questioning him in a sort of way – though not the way they would grill a suspected traitor – ever since his return to the United States. What bothered Oswald really was not his four-year-old 'defection,' but the possible consequences of his complete failure in the new intelligence assignment on which he had been sent to Mexico. He apparently realized, instinctively, that he had now outlived his usefulness and that his taskmasters in intelligence would punish him for his incompetence. He could have no idea, of course, how callously this would be done.

On Sunday, November 17, Mrs. Paine, who knew where Oswald was staying in Dallas, but apparently did not know that he had registered at the rooming house under an assumed name, phoned this place, while Marina was listening in. There was no person named Oswald living there, the two women were told by the voice at the other end of the wire.

But Oswald apparently overheard that somebody had asked for him, for the next day he called his wife who now, in the words of the Warren Report, 'became very angry about his use of the alias.' She scolded him: 'After all, when will all your foolishness come to an end. All these comedies. First one thing and then another. And now this fictitious name.'

What is not spelled out here, nor anywhere else in the Warren Report, is that Oswald's 'foolishness,' his 'comedies,' his use of a fictitious name, and all the other things that upset Marina, evidently were aspects of his secret service doings, the usual ruses,

subterfuges and maneuvers of one who leads a double life.

Oswald called up 'several times' again that day – Monday, November 18, Marina told the Commission, '... but after I hung up on him and didn't want to talk to him, he did not call again.'

What happened then, the Report says, 'can best be appreciated through Marina Oswald's testimony,' which it quotes as follows:

'Q. Did your husband give any reason for coming home on Thursday?

'A. He said that he was lonely because he hadn't come the preceding weekend, and he wanted to make his peace with me.'

Let us pause here for a moment to recall that the Dallas police and District Attorney Wade, after Oswald's arrest, made the most of the fact that, during Assassination Week, he had deviated from the normal pattern of his visits to Irving.

As a rule, Oswald, after his wife had moved into the Paine home and he himself had taken a room in Dallas, went out to Irving to be with his family every weekend, but spent all workday nights at the rooming house. Wasn't it highly suspicious, therefore, that precisely the weekend November 16–17 he remained in Dallas, going out to Irving instead in the middle of the week, that is on Thursday, November 21, the day before the assassination?

In the eyes of the Dallas authorities, it was suspicious and they did their best to implant the same idea in the minds of reporters and of the public. Now, however, we know from the Warren Report that Oswald's failure to go out to Irving the week-



end of November 16-17 was not due to any initiative of his own, but was suggested, almost imposed on him. Says the Report:

'Mrs. Paine was planning a birthday party for one of her children on that weekend and her husband, Michael, was to be at the house. Marina Oswald said that she knew her husband did not like Michael Paine and so she asked him not to come out that weekend, even though he wanted to do so. She testified that she told him "that he shouldn't come every week, that perhaps it is not convenient for Ruth that the whole family be there, live there." She testified that he responded: "As you wish, if you don't want me to come, I won't . . ."

All this fits neatly into a pattern designed to guide every one of Oswald's steps into a direction harmful to him, to put him into a position that would make him look guilty. One almost can see here the invisible hand pulling the strings as the doomed puppet moves back and forth on the scene.

Remember: it was Mrs. Paine who procured the job for Oswald at the fateful Book Depository at the exact time plans for Kennedy's visit to Dallas were taking shape; it was she who gave to Oswald a city map on which the Book Depository was marked with a straight line in such a fashion that authorities later could claim this was an 'assassination map' showing the trajectory of the bullets from the sixth floor window down to the street (the Warren Commission, for once fair to Oswald, clearly established that this was not the meaning of the map, but did not take the police to task for their false allegations); and it was Mrs. Paine again who

at least in part brought about the change, in this particular case, in the normal pattern of Oswald's visits to Irving. For, it is most unlikely that Marina would have put off her husband on her own, when he called on Monday, November 18, had she not been given to understand by her friend, Mrs. Paine, that his coming that weekend was undesirable.

To be sure, all or nearly all of these things can be explained away as being 'coincidental,' or 'fortuitous,' or 'unrelated to the assassination,' and the Warren Commission certainly did a thorough job of dismissing all disturbing elements in this fashion. However, in the light of the known facts about Oswald's movements and behaviour on Assassination Day and of the many indications that a conspiracy existed – for details I must refer the reader again to my other books on this general subject – these things assume real significance.

It is in the nature of things that plotters, especially if they are high-placed and powerful, as would seem to be the case here, would take adequate steps to blur the tracks and to make all their deliberate moves look coincidental. The Warren Commission, of course, could have exposed the makings of the web in which Oswald found himself slowly but inexorably ensnared – but that was just about the last thing they wanted to accomplish. For, with Oswald's innocence established, or even considered as a remote possibility, they would have had to start hunting for the real killers – and the very thought of such a contingency was anathema to them! How much safer it was to stick to the surface of things!

One intriguing question that comes to mind now



certainly would have warranted thorough treatment in any honest investigation. We have already seen that Oswald's decision not to go out to Irving on the weekend November 16-17 was prompted not by any desire of his own but was in fact forced by Marina's (and Mrs. Paine's) unwillingness to receive him. *Could it be, conversely, that somebody also suggested to him that he come out on Thursday instead?*

We have only Marina's word for it that Oswald decided on the Thursday trip of his own free will ('He said that he was lonely because he hadn't come the preceding weekend, and he wanted to make his peace with me'). Since she is a self-confessed liar, nothing she says need to be taken at face value. Mrs. Paine, of course, isn't talking. And Oswald is dead. So the question whether Oswald really acted on his own, or was pulled along on a string, when he went out on Thursday, may never be settled.

Let us revert now to the questions the Warren Commission asked of Marina about her last quarrel with Lee Harvey and the answers given by her, according to the Report:

'Q. Did you say anything to him then?

'A. He tried to talk to me but I would not answer him, and he was very upset.

'Q. Were you upset with him?

'A. I was angry, of course. He was not angry—he was upset. I was angry. He tried very hard to please me. He spent quite a bit of time putting away diapers and played with the children on the street.

'Q. How did you indicate to him that you were angry with him?

'A. By not talking to him.

'Q. And how did he show that he was upset?

'A. He was upset over the fact that I would not answer him. He tried to start a conversation with me several times, but I would not answer. And he said that he didn't want me to be angry with him because this upsets him.

'On that day, he suggested that we rent an apartment in Dallas. He said that he was tired of living alone and perhaps the reason for my being so angry was the fact that we were not living together. That if I wanted to he would rent an apartment in Dallas tomorrow—that he didn't want me to remain with Ruth any longer, but wanted me to live with him in Dallas.

'He repeated this not once but several times, but I refused. *And he said that once again I was preferring my friends to him*, and that I didn't need him.

'Q. What did you say to that?

'A. I said it would be better if I remained with Ruth until the holidays, he would come, and we would all meet together. That this was better because while he was living alone and I stayed with Ruth, we were spending less money. And I told him to buy me a washing machine, because with two children it became too difficult to wash by hand.

'Q. What did he say to that?

'A. He said he would buy me a washing machine.

'Q. What did you say to that?

'A. Thank you. That it would be better if he bought something for himself—that I would manage.'



What is one to make of this exchange—provided it contains any truth at all? Certainly this peculiar quarrel does not show up Marina in a favourable light.

To begin with, it was she who provoked the quarrel. Lee Harvey hadn't done anything to her. She became angry with him—or so she says—because he had used a fictitious name at the rooming house, but he had excellent reasons for doing so.

When he comes out to make peace, she spurns his advances. She needles and nags him: 'Buy me a washing machine—I will—No, you don't have to, thanks anyway.' Well, some might say it's the eternal female logic, but I think that in this case it goes deeper. Marina does nothing to make up with her husband. She exacerbates the quarrel even though he is doing his best to act the model father, playing with the children, putting away diapers. He tries hard—in her own words—to please her, but to no avail. She has upset him and she does everything in her power to keep him that way.

What for?

At this point, if not earlier, we must raise the question whether Marina conceivably could have been in the plot *before the assassination*. In league, that is, with a group of conspirators who were determined not only to kill the President but also to lay the blame for this foul deed at the door of her husband. Could any woman be so monstrously callous?

In the light of Marina's most unwifely behaviour after the arrest, and still more after the murder of her husband, and keeping in mind her own past con-

nections with secret service, the question appears legitimate.

There can be no doubt whatsoever that Marina, too, was an undercover agent who was subsequently 'turned around,' as they say in this trade. The question—a haunting one—is whether this happened before or after the assassination. It cannot be answered with finality at this stage.

At any rate, one gathers from Marina's own statements that she treated her husband, the day before the crime, in a manner so uncharitable and contemptuous that he was deeply upset, and it is also a fact that this unsettled state of mind has been construed, *post factum*—even though with reservations—as at least a contributory cause of Oswald's decision to kill the President.

The Warren Commission, to be sure, had to treat the matter gingerly, for its own version of the sequence of events inevitably implies that Oswald had resolved to assassinate Kennedy *before* he went out to Irving that Thursday night. For, the Commission says, his purpose in going out there in the middle of the week instead of on a weekend as usual was precisely to get his rifle which he kept hidden in the Paine garage. (Oswald himself told witnesses and the police that he had meant to pick up curtain rods that were stored in the garage for use in the new apartment he intended to rent.)

If that was his purpose, then obviously his mind must have been made up before he asked his fellow employee, Wesley Frazier, for a ride out to Irving that Thursday morning. And that means, of course, that the above-described quarrel with Marina cannot



have been a determining factor in his decision to kill.

'Nevertheless—if only inferentially—the report raises the haunting possibility that Oswald might have had second thoughts about his plan to shoot the President had his reconciliation attempts not been rebuffed by the 22-year-old Marina that evening before the fatal day,' says the *New York Herald-Tribune* (9.28.64). Representative Gerald Ford also plays heavily on this theme and seems to be quite cross with Marina for having been so nasty towards her husband at such a critical moment in history.

Needless to say, it never occurred either to the *Tribune* or to Congressman Ford (or, if such dark heresy did occur to them, they would immediately have torn it from their minds) that Marina's behaviour might have been coached, that she was playing a role assigned to her by the leaders of the game.

Evidently the plotters who took great care to scatter a vast number of false clues incriminating Oswald, well ahead of the crime (this matter is dealt with in detail in my other books on the subject), also had to build up some kind of 'motive' for their preordained scapegoat—and this was it.

There was no reconciliation, the Report tells us. 'That night Oswald went to bed before his wife retired. She did not speak to him when she joined him there, although she thought that he was still awake.'

Isn't it curious that Marina allowed this item, which is again so damaging to her, to slip into the record? When she was asked by the Commission

whether or not she thought that her husband was still awake as she slipped into bed with him, it certainly would have been easy for her to say, 'I think he was asleep.' Nobody could have disproved her on that score. And her image would have improved.

Instead, the record now shows that she was hard as nails right up to the moment her husband was taken from her forcibly.

'The next morning he left for work before anyone else arose,' the Warren Report relates. 'For the first time he left his wedding ring in a cup on the dresser in his room. He also left \$170 in a wallet in one of the dresser drawers. He took with him \$13.87 ...'

This amazing, tell-tale fact that Oswald, the alleged would-be assassin, should have left practically all of his ready cash at home as he set out to commit the Crime of the Century evidently was a headache to the Warren Commission, which lamely remarks:

'Oswald's behavior after the assassination throws little light on his motives. The fact that he took so little money with him when he left Irving in the morning indicates that he did not expect to get very far from Dallas on his own and suggests the possibility . . . that he did not expect to escape at all . . .'

This devil-may-care attitude which the Commission imputes to Oswald is in accord with its (professed) belief that Oswald 'sought for himself a place in history—a role as the "great man" . . .'. In other words, Oswald was out to win heroic fame when he killed the President of the United



States. But—and this indisputable fact throws this whole line of reasoning for a loop—Oswald proclaimed his innocence to his last breath. How can one win heroic fame anonymously? It doesn't make sense.

If Oswald's behaviour after the assassination throws little light on his non-existent motive, it sheds by contrast a powerful beam of light on his innocence. The fact that he took no more money along that he would need for a Sunday picnic is but one of a dozen indications that murder was not on his mind.

## *The Merry Widow*

IT did not take Marina Nicholaevna Oswald long to adjust to the American way of life after coming to these shores. Indeed, the girl from Arkhangelsk, brought up in Spartan surroundings, quickly developed a marked taste for the good things so plentifully available (at a price) in the Affluent Society.

She also became rapidly Americanized in other respects. American men are notorious the world over as the most henpecked husbands to be found this side of Purgatory. Marina really went the limit in nagging and humiliating her husband. Read all about it in the Warren Report:

'Although she denied it in some of her testimony before the Commission, it appears that Marina Oswald also complained that her husband was not able to provide more material things for her. On that issue George de Mohrenschildt, who was probably as close to the Oswalds as anyone else during their first stay in Dallas, said that:

'“She was annoying him all the time—‘Why don't you make some money?’ . . . Poor guy was going out of his mind . . .

“We told her she should not annoy him—poor guy, he is doing his best, ‘Don't annoy him so much’ . . .”

'The De Mohrenschildts also testified that, “right



in front" of Oswald, Marina Oswald complained about Oswald's inadequacy as a husband. Mrs. Oswald told another of her friends that Oswald was very cold to her, that they very seldom had sexual relations and that Oswald "was not a man." She also told Mrs. Paine that she was not satisfied with her sexual relations with Oswald.

Note, in passing, that this bit of testimony of Marina's, in particular her allegation that her husband was 'very cold' to her, is strikingly at variance with the story she also told the Commission about their last day together, when Lee Harvey came out to Irving allegedly because he felt 'lonely' and wanted to make his peace with her. Not that it matters very much—the Warren Report is so full of discrepancies, it's hard to see the wood for all the trees. And, I suppose that's just the way it was meant to be.

Here is another juicy item from the Warren Report:

'Jeanne de Mohrenschildt, however, thought that Marina Oswald "said things that will hurt men's pride." She said that if she ever spoke to her husband the way Marina Oswald spoke to her husband, "we would not last long." Mrs. De Mohrenschildt thought that Oswald, whom she compared to "a puppy dog that everybody kicked," had a lot of good qualities, in spite of the fact that "Nobody said anything good about him." She had "the impression that he was just pushed, pushed, pushed, and she (Marina Oswald) was probably nagging, nagging, nagging . . ."

Now that testimony didn't go down well at all

with the Commission. Why, it was downright subversive. Imagine describing the savage desperado Lee Harvey Oswald, who single-handedly killed the President of the United States, and a policeman to boot, as 'a puppy dog that everybody kicked'! And fancy anybody saying such horrible things about that naïve, bewildered, cooperative girl Marina who was America's darling. Making her act and talk like a perfect shrew! How nasty can you get!

No wonder Mrs. De Mohrenschildt found herself being actively investigated by the Warren Commission . . .

After Oswald's arrest, and while he was still in custody, Marina dutifully acted the part of the distraught wife, even though in a remarkably low key. She appeared in public unkempt, with stringy hair and rumpled clothes, clutching baby Rachel to her bosom and dragging little June behind her, like any refugee from disaster.

No sooner was Oswald dead and buried, however, than his widow threw all restraint to the winds. She put on fashionable clothes, began to wear heavy make-up and smoked incessantly—something she never had done before. By word and deed she made it perfectly clear to all concerned that she couldn't care less about Lee Harvey's departure from the living; that, in fact, she was well rid of him.

As has been noted before, Marina, since November 22, 1963, was a pawn of the Secret Service which took her into 'protective custody' and, in the words of Mrs. Marguerite Oswald, 'brainwashed' her thoroughly.

I'm not sure she really needed brainwashing,



though. Marina, who is anything but stupid, knew perfectly well what was at stake for her. On one hand, she was marked for instant arrest and indictment for perjury charges because of her false affidavit before the U.S. consulate in Moscow. That way lay imprisonment, or at best deportation.

On the other hand, inducements galore were waiting for her, provided she behaved like a good girl. With the Secret Service itself passing around the hat for the widow of the alleged presidential assassin and all the sob sisters of the press, advertising the fund that had been set up for her, donations began to pour in quickly.

'Bleeding souls' of a rather peculiar stripe also lent a helping hand. On December 7, 1963, the *Dallas Morning News* reported:

'Mrs. Marina Oswald . . . was quoted Friday as declaring she "wants to be an American and continue to live here." The widow's statement was quoted by Mrs. Shirley B. Williamson, 25-year-old Fort Worth housewife and *part-time private investigator* (!), who launched a fund-raising drive for the widow and her two small children.

'Mrs. Williamson, who has not ever seen the woman she is helping, said she *received her information through the Secret Service who is daily picking up the contributions*. [My italics - J. J.] So far, the contributions have come to \$7,700, she said.

'She quoted an agent as saying: 'She (Marina Oswald) just broke down and cried when the money began to come in. She said, in broken English, that she didn't believe the people in America, the people anywhere, could be this nice . . .''

A heart-warming story, indeed, especially when you come to think of what the Secret Service is really there for and how they lived up to expectations.

No, Marina wasn't a prisoner who surrendered to brainwashing. She knew which side her bread was buttered and since she had never loved Oswald she had no qualms about betraying him in his grave. For, if anyone knows for sure, from personal experience, that Oswald just wasn't the guy who would want to kill Kennedy, who laid no plans and who lacked both the opportunity and the capability of assassination, according to the officially approved version, it was Marina Oswald. She could have torn the whole cobweb of fraud and legend to pieces had she wanted to. But in doing so she would certainly have had to incur a grave personal risk and forgo the abundant life the Secret Service had in store for her. So she 'chose freedom.'

Her first performance in collaboration, about two weeks before Chief Justice Warren commended her for being so 'cooperative,' was described by *Newsweek* (February 10, 1964) in these terms:

'SCREEN TEST: Looking at herself on a television screen last week, 22-year-old Marina Oswald made a face and said: "I don't like that girl." [Who can blame her? - J. J.] The Russian-born widow of accused assassin Lee Harvey Oswald tends to be embarrassed by her limited English and by a broken front tooth that keeps her from smiling openly. Only after prolonged coaxing by news director Eddie Barker of Dallas's station KRLD had she consented to a filmed interview carried by the CBS network.



Barker, 36, worked for nearly a month to bring off his scoop. He finally landed it by getting to see Marina through a friend who knows her adviser, ex-motel manager Jim Martin . . . The filming took place on a second visit to the house in Dallas (its exact location has yet to be disclosed) where Secret Service agents keep watch over Marina and her two small children . . . Barker's key question: "Marina, do you believe that your husband killed President Kennedy?" Answer: "I don't want to believe, but I have too much facts, and facts tell me that Lee shot Kennedy." . . .

That's the way they all conspired to fake history. KRLD, like the two big Dallas newspapers, the *Morn- ing News* and the *Times-Herald*, is of course controlled completely by the city oligarchy (even the *New York Times* has used that term) which also runs the police, the District Attorney's office and every source of power or influence in the 'murder capital of the world' (Melvin Belli). And the bosses of this undemocratic setup have had all along excellent reasons for promoting the Oswald fraud to the limit of their vast possibilities.

So, with a really helpful assist from the Secret Service, itself plagued by a guilt complex as big as they come, they put Marina on the screen and had her parrot the lines prompted to her by Barker. Understandably, they didn't ask her to spell out what 'facts' she had in mind that 'told' her that Lee had shot Kennedy. There weren't any.

It was a cunning move, though, this rigged interview with Marina, broadcast as it was by one of America's biggest television networks. For it estab-

lished in the public mind the idea that the official version of the assassination must be the right one since even the widow of the presumed assassin firmly believed in his guilt.

Shortly after that story appeared in print, the whereabouts, past and present, of Marina Oswald became known. Immediately following the assassination, she had been lodged by the Secret Police, in strictest seclusion, at the 'Inn of the Six Flags,' a plush motel on the outskirts of Dallas, where Mrs. Marguerite Oswald also was held for a few days.

There, Marina met the resident manager of the motel, Jim Martin, described in another *Newsweek* story (March 9, 1964) as a 'dapper, darkly handsome' man, and agreed to his proposal to act as 'business manager' for her, evidently with the blessing of the Secret Service which was in full control of proceedings.

A few days later, Martin, according to the *New York Times* of February 23, 1964, 'volunteered to share his home and to leave his job at the motel to act as her agent. Robert Oswald [Lee Harvey's brother - J. J.] approved the arrangement and Mr. Martin then selected Mr. Thorne, who practices in suburban Grand Prairie, to serve as Mrs. Oswald's lawyer . . .

So Marina early in December 1963 moved into the Martin household and there, on December 5 and December 6, she signed two contracts which later were to involve her in complex judicial proceedings. One was a ten-year personal manager contract with James H. ('Jim') Martin; the other, a lawyer-agent contract with John M. Thorne. Under the terms,



Martin was to receive 15 per cent of all the money Mrs. Oswald was to make from movies, books, articles and public appearances; and Thorne, 10 per cent.

It was one of the rawest business deals in what has come to be known as 'checkbook journalism,' exploiting the morbid public interest in the private lives of an alleged presidential assassin and his Russian-born wife who posed melodramatically as being overwhelmed by 'facts.' Even the conservative magazine *Newsweek* found the matter slightly distasteful. Witness the article 'A Piece of the Action' (March 9, 1964) from which I quote now:

'History has been hard with Lee Harvey Oswald's fragile, Russian-born wife; it marked her husband as the murderer of a President and then it cast her adrift, widowed and a stranger in an outraged land. But it left her with two highly negotiable assets: her name and her story. Marina Oswald became a hot property, a blue-chip investment with a potential yield of at least \$300,000 and with luck—who could tell?—a million or two. She found willing shareholders . . .

For a girl born and reared in a Communist society, Marina developed remarkable business talents in no time at all. Since her first year in America, at the side of the inefficient Lee H. Oswald, was spent in abject poverty, it must have been a matter of instinct with her. Once she had found her bearings, she behaved like a Hollywood star at her best—or her worst.

Her new-found 'business manager' Martin got busy right away and before very long he had lined

up for his client a whole string of juicy deals which *Newsweek*, in the above-cited article, detailed as follows:

' . . . Tex-Italia Film Co. offered \$75,000 for TV and movie rights, plus \$1,500 each for personal appearances. Meredith Publishing Co. of Des Moines bid \$25,000 for her memoirs. Germany's *Stern* magazine paid \$12,500 for German-Italian serial rights. *Life* magazine bought the prized picture of Oswald holding his rifle for something under \$5,000. All in all, Martin's accounts showed a total of \$300,000 in cash, guarantees, and settled negotiations—\$132,000 of it already in hand—to go with an estimated \$40,000 in donations to Marina from sympathetic outsiders . . .

Poor donors. Had they known that the distraught widow, 'cast adrift in an outraged land,' was in reality a former Communist activist, miraculously transformed into a highly successful American business woman selling the world's phoniest story to the highest bidders, they would, I presume, have found better uses for their money.

Business was really good for all concerned when suddenly something went wrong. It happened when Robert Oswald on February 21-22, 1964, followed his sister-in-law Marina on the witness stand before the Warren Commission, represented in the case by Allen W. Dulles, former head of the CIA, as the only member present.

Just *what* happened has never been revealed by any of those with inside knowledge, but one can venture an 'educated guess.' The fact that Robert Oswald, accompanied by his attorney William A.



McKenzie, was heard by the intelligence chief alone, on behalf of a seven-man Commission, and of course behind hermetically closed doors, suggests that there were again secret service aspects involved.

Presumably Dulles told Robert Oswald and lawyer McKenzie that the spate of world-wide publicity unleashed by the enterprising Jim Martin could lead to unwelcome disclosures. It has long been a set policy of the U.S. Government to see to it that the less was said and written about the Kennedy assassination—outside of the official proceedings of the Warren Commission—the better.

To put it bluntly, then, Marina was told by Dulles—through the intermediary of Robert Oswald—to shut up. That of course meant shutting up Martin, too. And so Marina, immediately after the Robert Oswald hearings had been completed on February 22, 1964, dispatched registered letters to Jim Martin and John Thorne terminating their services forthwith. Simultaneously she moved out of the Martin household into a private home in suburban Richardson. And she hired McKenzie, Robert's lawyer, as her new attorney.

It was a clear-cut breach of contract and Martin and Thorne didn't take it lying down. They fought back. While Thorne threatened court proceedings, as a lawyer short-changed by his client, Martin, the 'public relations man,' self-pityingly told the press: 'I've gone through a lot of misery for this and I think I'm entitled to my share of the advances (\$132,000 already in hand). I'm still her manager. I think we've performed adequately for her.'

That was putting it mildly. As a matter of fact,

Messrs. Martin and Thorne had performed an economic miracle for Marina, making an heiress out of a beggar in a matter of weeks. And she didn't even say 'thank you' to them. But, then, she probably couldn't help herself either. She was not a free agent, but a prisoner of the Secret Service, then as now. And THEY had told her to shut up.

In the end, they all went to court, much to the embarrassment of the powers that be, whose primary interest lay in *silence*. In months of haggling behind the scenes, a settlement was finally worked out. On July 31, 1964, Reuters news agency reported from Dallas:

'Mrs. Marina Oswald has assumed full control of some \$59,000 donated to her by the American public . . . She appeared in court yesterday and announced that she had reached a settlement with her former business manager and two lawyers after voiding their contracts. The settlement involved a payment of \$12,000, she said. The settlement gave Mrs. Oswald control of the \$59,000 and required the three men to hand over any other property belonging to her or her two children.'

The figures cited in this dispatch are not in accord with those mentioned in the above-quoted *Newsweek* piece. But, then, it is a complex settlement and details have not been announced. At all events, it appears that the sum total of what Marina Oswald got out of her marriage to the 'accused' assassin of President Kennedy was well above \$59,000. In connection with her second wedding, *Newsweek*, on June 14, 1965, detailed Marina's take as follows:

'Donations from sympathetic Americans totaled



more than \$70,000. She sold the photograph of Oswald with the murder weapon for \$5,000, the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle for an estimated \$10,000 (to Denver oilman John King), her husband's diary for \$20,000. She got a \$50,000 advance for a book now being ghosted for her . . .

The last two items in this impressive list call for some further explanations. As has been noted above, Marina originally had sold her - unwritten - memoirs to Meredith Publishing Co. of Des Moines, Iowa, who offered her an advance of \$25,000 for what was obviously going to be a 100 per cent ghost-written job. As a result of her tangles with Messrs. Martin and Thorne, who had negotiated this contract for her, the deal was called off. Then one of America's leading publishing houses, Harper and Row, signed her up on a book contract which at one time was reported to involve an advance in excess of \$75,000, but has now been scaled down by *Newsweek* to a 'mere' \$50,000. Her 'ghost' in the case was to have been Priscilla Johnson, a staff writer for North American Newspaper Alliance, and the book was to have been published in the spring of 1965. That was the last anyone has heard about it.

About that big rifle sale: Information, to date, is even scantier and sketchier. All that is known for sure is that John King did approach Marina some time in the first half of 1965 and offered to buy the Carcano for \$10,000. The deal apparently went through. Although Marina at no time had the weapon in her possession. The FBI has it and means to keep it. When Mr. King let it be known he was

going to fight for his purchase, if necessary in the courts, the Government countered with an extraordinary move: a bill was hastily introduced in Congress that would forfeit to the Government all objects figuring in the Warren Commission investigation - which in practice means primarily this rifle, the only controversial item. At last reports, the Senate had approved the bill, in mid-October.

The Government's concern to secure permanent possession of Oswald's rifle, although under the normal rules of law it would now belong to the wife of the deceased, Marina, speaks an eloquent language. It affords final proof that the Carcano is not the murder weapon at all, and therefore has to be carefully kept from public or private inspection. The Johnson Government hopes to bury in the National Archives in Washington what could become the most convincing piece of evidence in exposing the Kennedy Murder Fraud.

That is the story of Marina Oswald to date. No doubt there will be further instalments, as yet to be written by History. She is a woman trapped, a woman at bay even, amidst her ill-gotten riches. It is in the logic of events that she has another rendezvous with Fate. And I don't mean Fate, Texas.



# INDEX

- Agafonova, Rosa, 32, 42
- Aksenov, Colonel Nicolay, 51, 53
- American Civil Liberties Union, 11, 13, 15
- Barker, Eddie, 153-4
- Bates, Pauline, 65-70, 74
- Bay of Pigs, Invasion of, 62
- Bouhe, George, 71-2, 75, 77-82
- Cadigan, James C., 112, 114
- Central Intelligence Agency:
  - part played by in assassination of President Kennedy, 21, 27, 33, 38, 40-1, 51, 58-9, 62-3, 69, 89-92, 97, 101, 103-4, 106, 120-1, 137
- Clark, Max, 72
- Clark, Mrs., 72
- Clements, Manning C., 93-5, 111-12, 114, 116-17
- Crafard, Curtis L., 86
- Dallas Morning News, 87, 152, 154
- Dallas Times-Herald, 92, 154
- Das Kapital, 51
- Der Stern, 133, 157
- Detroit Free Press, 87
- Donovan, Lieutenant John E., 38-40
- Dulles, Allen W., 21, 157-8
- Fair Play for Cuba Committee, 75, 99
- Fate, Texas, 3-4, 161
- Federal Bureau of Investigation, 76, 92, 97, 106, 137-8, 160; censure of by Warren Commission, 14
- Ford, Declan, 71, 82
- Ford, Gerald R., 103, 135, 146; Title, *Portrait of an Assassin*, 135
- Frazier, Wesley, 145
- Fritz, Captain J. Will, 116-17
- Germain, Ella, 44-6, 54-5
- Glover, Everett, 86, 89, 91
- Gregory, Peter, 63-4, 67-8, 71
- Gregory, Peter Paul, 63-4, 67
- Grinnan, J. P., 73
- Hall, John, 71
- Hall, Mrs. Elena, 71-2, 78, 80
- Hall-Davis Defense Committee, 75
- Harper & Row, Messrs., 160
- Holmes, Harry D., 118
- Hoover, J. Edgar, 33, 74, 97, 99-104, 137
- Janson, Donald, 14
- Joesten, Joachim; Title, *Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy?*, 84, 107



John Birch Society, 73, 124  
Johnson, President Lyndon B.,  
129, 161

King, John, 160  
King, Dr. Martin Luther, 102  
Kleinerer, Alexander, 72, 80  
Komsomol, 23-4, 50-2  
Korobka, Nell, 45

Lane, Mark, 105  
Leonard, Judge Carl, 4-6  
*Life*, 85, 107, 113-15, 118, 157

Martin, Jim, 123-5, 154-60  
McCone, John A., 21, 97, 101  
McKenzie, William A., 157-8  
McVickar, John A., 22, 24  
Meller, Mrs. Anita, 71-2, 78-9,  
81-2

Meredith Publishing Co., 160  
*Militant*, *The*, 107-8  
Mohrenschildt, George de, 9 n.,  
59-61, 63, 72, 76, 81, 86, 89,  
149; background and career,  
61-2  
Mohrenschildt, Mrs. Jeanne,  
60-1, 72, 80-1, 86, 150-1

*New York Herald-Tribune*, 65-  
8, 70, 146  
*New York Journal-American*,  
28, 29 n., 34  
*New York Times*, 11-15, 38,  
60, 66, 68-9, 84, 154-5  
*Newsday*, 15  
*Newsweek*, 5-6, 155-7, 159-60

Olds, Greg. L., 11-12  
Oswald, Lee Harvey, 15, 27;  
acquaintanceship with wife  
with Russian-speaking com-  
munity in America, 57-8,

63; arrival in United States,  
57; assassination of Presi-  
dent Kennedy not premedi-  
tated, 148; becomes agent  
provocateur for FBI or CIA,  
75, 99, 101, 104, 108; char-  
acter, 42; defects to Soviet  
Union, 38, 47, 51, 138; de-  
nies charge of assassination,  
122; employment at Fort  
Worth, 77; employment at  
Minsk, 34, 36, 40, 100; first  
meeting with future wife,  
49; his 'affairs', 29, 43-5, 54;  
his marital problems, 79,  
136, 142-4; leaves Dallas,  
95; lives in straitened cir-  
cumstances, 77-8; marries  
Marina Prusakova, 54, 120;  
'planted' in Texas School  
Book Depository, 84; re-  
united with wife, 80; separa-  
tion from wife, 80; uses  
cover name, 105-6, 111-21  
Oswald, Mrs. Marguerite, 14-  
16, 21, 79, 97, 110, 151, 155  
Oswald, Mrs. Marina: an ac-  
tive Communist, 23; appear-  
ance, 2; capitalizes on assas-  
sination, 153-60; daughter  
Rachel born, 135; family  
background, 18-20, 22; gives  
Russian lessons, 67; her un-  
orthodox behaviour after  
assassination of President  
Kennedy, 25, 144-5, 151;  
interviewed on TV, 153-4;  
married to Lee Harvey Os-  
wald, 54, 120; married to  
Kenneth Jess Porter, 4;  
member of Komsomol, 23-  
4, 50-1; scandalous conduct,  
55; self-confessed liar and

Oswald, Mrs. Marina—cont.  
perjurer, 124, 128-9; sells  
unwritten memoirs, 160;  
taken in hand by Secret Ser-  
vice, 12-13, 16, 151, 153-4;  
threatened by husband, 6;  
unconvincing evidence  
given, 133; undercover  
agent, 145  
Oswald, Robert, 14, 57, 125-6,  
155, 157-8

Paine, Michael, 72 n., 87, 140  
Paine, Mrs. Ruth, 12-13, 72 n.,  
83-9, 91-2, 95, 125, 130,  
135-6, 138, 140-2, 145, 150;  
acts under instructions to  
watch Mrs. Oswald, 91-2;  
her career, 87-8

*Paris-Match*, 107  
Porter, Kenneth Jess, 2-5; his  
arrest and release, 7  
Porter, Mrs. 1-2  
Prusakov, Colonel Ilya, 19-20,  
22-3, 49, 53, 55-6  
Prusakov, Mrs., 19

Rankin, J. Lee, 17  
Ray, Mrs. Frank, 82  
Roberts, Gene, 87-8

Ruby, Jack, 7

Schmidt, Volkmar, 87  
Sherikova, Rimma, 29, 32, 42  
Snyder, Richard E., 32, 48  
Socialist Workers Party, 74-5,  
108

Taylor, Alexander, 72, 80  
Taylor, Gary, 72, 80  
Texas School Book Deposi-  
tory, 84-5, 92, 105, 107, 131,  
140

Thorne, John, 124, 155, 158-  
60  
Tippit, Patrolman J. D., 86,  
107, 122  
Titov, Erich, 48

Wade, Henry M., 139  
Walker, General Edwin A.,  
73, 109, 124, 135  
Warren, Earl, 8, 17, 20, 58, 97,  
127, 130, 133, 153  
Williamson, Mrs. Shirley B.,  
152  
*Worker, The*, 74-5, 107-8

Zeger, Anita, 44  
Zeger, Leonora, 44